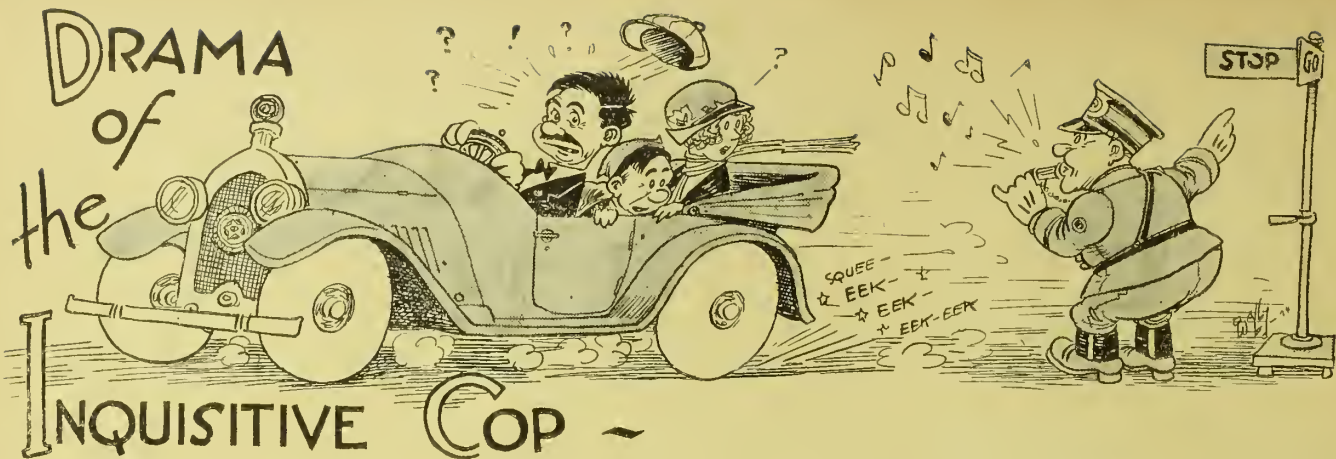


# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

Published weekly at New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter March 24, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Price \$2 the year. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 31, 1921. Legion Publishing Corporation, 627 West 43d St., New York, President, John R. Quinn, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.; secretary, Russell G. Creviston, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.; treasurer, Robert H. Tyndall, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.







THE COP—STOP!

BUDDY—Thanks, I'm breaking my neck to. Now what am I in Dutch for? Parking my feet on the windshield or running down an angleworm?

THE COP—I don't wanta pinch you. I just wanta ask you a question.

BUDDY—Shoot, Mr. Law.

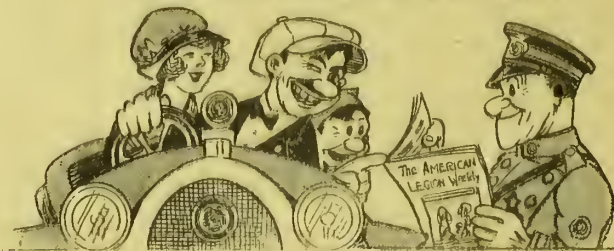
THE COP—Why is it that so many "Bu-for-chev-ex" cars are wearin' American Legion emblems on the front of the radiators? Do you give a "Bu-for-chev-ex" car free with every membership?

BUDDY—No, that's just another garage rumor. We don't give away cars but we do publish a weekly magazine which

alone is worth the membership dues. Take a slant at the latest number.

THE COP—Gosh, there's the answer to my question, Buddy. I mean this big advertisement which the "Bu-for-chev-ex" car people are runnin' in your Weekly.

BUDDY—You tell 'em, Law. That ad explains why so many "Bu-for-chev-ex" cars proudly wear this emblem. They've found Legion men as purchasers!



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Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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THEY  
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LET'S  
PATRONIZE

# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES  
627 West 43d Street, New York City

All editorial correspondence and manuscripts should be addressed to the editorial offices in New York City.

AUGUST 15, 1924

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## At Last---A Test for Our Defense

FOUR years ago The American Legion, with memories of the World War's waste, hardships, confusions and useless sacrifices still fresh, came to the realization that the United States had never had a real military policy. From its founding onward our country had drifted, always thrown periodically into chaos in emergencies and afterward settling back into the old rut. Untold treasure and unnumbered lives had been the toll of this lack of a definite military policy.

SO the Legion undertook to draft a military policy which would conform to our common-sense ideal of adequate preparedness without militarism. For more than a year the thought, the research, the effort and the unflagging work of the Legion's best minds were concentrated on drafting such a program. Out of the toil came results; for the first time in its history the American nation had a military policy.

AFTER four years of continued labor in building the machinery for such a policy the time has come to see whether that policy can be successful in fulfilling its promise of protection. The Secretary of War has proposed and the President has approved the holding of a defense test on September 12th to prove whether such a policy will work in case of emergency. It is, in effect, a fire drill to see if the fire escapes will save lives. In other words, it is a mobilization—on paper.

IN our country under such a policy as that for which the Legion is mainly responsible, mobilization can only occur if made by communities. And community action depends on the action of the individuals in the community. Hence the success of the defense test or any test depends on no one State, no one community, no one person, but on the citizens in each and every community. In other words, it is up to you.

BECAUSE The American Legion is primarily responsible for the creation of a national military policy, it is up to us to give it our full co-operation. If it is not adequate, let it not be said that it failed because The American Legion did not give its hearty support. As an organization dedicated to the service of our country we should accord this test the effort needed. Though the test comes on September 12th, within a few days of our national convention at St. Paul, there is time for every Legionnaire to do his utmost to make this defense test successful.

IN its efforts for an adequate military policy the Legion is taking the first steps towards its final goal—the universal draft of money, means and materials—so that in future emergencies, should there be any, service will be sacrifice for all and a source of profit for none.

*John R. Quinn*  
NATIONAL COMMANDER



Does this carry you back? Selective service recruits reporting at a cantonment in 1917 where, as Pershing remarks, men were organized into military units, equipped and trained at great expense and with great difficulty. The new mobilization plans obviate this. Recruits would get their preliminary training right at home



**T**O rally the memory there is nothing quite like an old song. Take this fragment:

You're in the Army now,  
You're not behind a plow,  
You're doing your hitch,  
You'll never get rich,  
You're in the Army now.

These lines—slightly amended, it is true—are from a roundelay of the Regular service which had a certain vogue during the World War. The roundelay is very old—just how old no one seems to know—but the pastoral flavor of the second line indicates that it goes back to a day when the standing army was drawn considerably from country boys who wearied of the farm and joined the Army to see the world.

The fourth line, incidentally, unmasks a truth which The American Legion has been harping on for a long time. A man doesn't join the Army with any expectancy of founding a fortune. Which is proper. But the people who have rendered the necessary service of supplying the soldier with the fighting wherewithal have founded many a fortune. This took place in the last war and in all others. It is improper. The Legion is at work to change this procedure—which, however, is another story.

This story concerns the fact that, as the song says, you're in the Army now—meaning by you you and by now the present moment. The chances are that you are not in the Regular establishment: You may not be a member of the National Guard or the Reserve Corps or of a Citizens Military Training Camp. You may be so peaceable and unprovocative of action and intent that you wouldn't even play a saxophone on the back porch on a Sunday morning. Nevertheless—providing that you are between the ages of eighteen and forty-five and are physically O. K.—you are a part of the military forces of the United States. You are in the

## *An Appointment to Meet Captain X*

*By Marquis James*

Army now. Not merely the Army, by and large, but such-and-such division, such-and-such regiment and such-and-such company, which is commanded by Captain X.

On the twelfth day of next September you will see just how it is. Your town and community will see, and the country will see as a whole. On that day and date there will be a general demonstration of the Army's—or, rather, the nation's—new mobilization plans which have been devised since the World War for use in an emergency. The affair will be known officially as a "defense test." It is the first of its kind we have ever had.

On September 12th you have an appointment to meet Captain X. Your neighbors and your town will meet him, too. They will meet his command—which also is your command and your neighbor's across the way. The captain will be present in the flesh. Probably you know him now, in his civilian and not in his military capacity. He may be a lawyer or a merchant on Main Street. He may be a member of your Legion post.

**Y**OUR fellow townsman, Captain X, holds his commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps. He commands the military company which would go from your town or part of town or your county in case the country were called to defend itself. It is a shadow com-

pany now. Maybe within the company area there are three or four lieutenants, commanding spectral platoons, but nothing more than that. But if an emergency came this shadow company would acquire substance. The squads would fill up and join together into platoons and the platoons would unite into the company and your community's representation in the national defense effort would march off presently to the regimental gathering place. There it would fuse with other companies from the countryside roundabout, and the regiment would be born. The regiment, fully organized and equipped, and with elementary training, would show up intact at the big divisional cantonment. Your State—to use a convenient geographical unit—would be ready for war.

Thus the gathering for the national defense. The word gathering expresses it better than any other. Mobilization the military men call it, but it is merely a succession of gatherings together. Men gather and form small units, small units gather and form larger ones, and so on until you have an army of proper size to cope with the situation. The embattled farmers used the same system in Revolutionary times. They had no big cantonments then. The colonies were poor and couldn't afford to pay carpenters fifteen dollars a day or pass out cost plus contracts to contractors to build a cantonment for 40,000 men in ninety days, to congregate thirty or





This sleeping gear is hard to handle. But no less unwieldy than a mattress in the hands of a recruit was the unsystematic program by which we somehow raised our armies in 1917 and '18. According to the new plan to be demonstrated in your town on September 12th, armies will be home grown. There will be no concentration of vast numbers of untrained men in great camps

## *YOU and Your Town Are Invited to Witness a Rehearsal of the Army's New Plan of National Defense—and The American Legion Will Help Put On the Show*

forty thousand men in one place and then try to sort them out and organize them. British armies were on the ground making menacing motions.

**WE** had to get armies together as quickly and inexpensively as possible. We hit upon the gathering process, which first comprehended the company, complete and ready for action, then the regiment, the brigade and so on. Sometimes a company had to do a little fighting on its own hook before it had a chance to join up with the rest of the regiment. If ready to fight it fought. If not ready it dispersed and took to the woods, reassembling at a more auspicious time and place. Fancy an untrained, unequipped and unready division shut up in a half-finished cantonment doing that.

After 149 years of experimentation and error we are getting our defensive plans back in conformity with the sound and simple system used by the dauntless little armies which won our national independence. Washington tried to perpetuate his system but lost out. Pershing, capitalizing the experiences of the World War, led the movement which has recaptured it from the past. The defense test of September 12th is merely a demonstration to the country of the operation of this reborn program of protection.

"In past emergencies," said Pershing lately, "we have had no plans, and re-

lying upon hastily created forces, we have suffered from the extreme confusion which goes with such a sudden expansion. In the late war, after enormous expenditures and serious loss of time in construction and in transportation, we eventually concentrated masses of untrained individuals in a few centers, distant from home ties and associations, where they were segregated into military units and trained with the utmost difficulty.

"Profiting by these experiences, the new policy contemplates skeleton units partially trained in advance, which can be concentrated locally. In an emergency things must move swiftly and without confusion. This will depend upon the perfection of the plans and their comprehension by the public.

"The fundamental idea of our defensive plans is formed on the principle of local organization. The system follows the chain of military responsibility until the commander of each company is given his share of the task. His plan of action must take into consideration the neighborhood facilities for recruitment, assembly, shelter, equipment and training his unit. He is in direct contact with his home people, whose interest and spirit are invoked to his aid.

"We hope by this defense test to impress upon the individual officer and citizen soldier his particular function if war comes. We have never before undertaken such a step, and in the last emergency we found ourselves in a seri-

ous dilemma. The idea is to suggest to the officers their respective duties, and to indicate just enough to let them visualize the problem for themselves.

"To illustrate, take for example Captain Smith of Laclede, Missouri, where I hail from. Captain Smith is called out on Defense Day. He wonders what it is all about and what he has to do. We are going to tell him that it is up to him to make a study of the problem. He will probably conclude first that he should locate some place for his headquarters. Then he should plan for the enrollment of the men of the community, decide where they should be quartered, determine on local arrangements for feeding them and select a drill ground. He would probably call his lieutenants and non-commissioned officers together on Defense Day and discuss the organization of the company. So when an emergency really comes he will have thought it all out.

"Without such preliminary training, without a demonstration of our mobilization plans to the country, one could not expect them to work when a crisis is upon us."

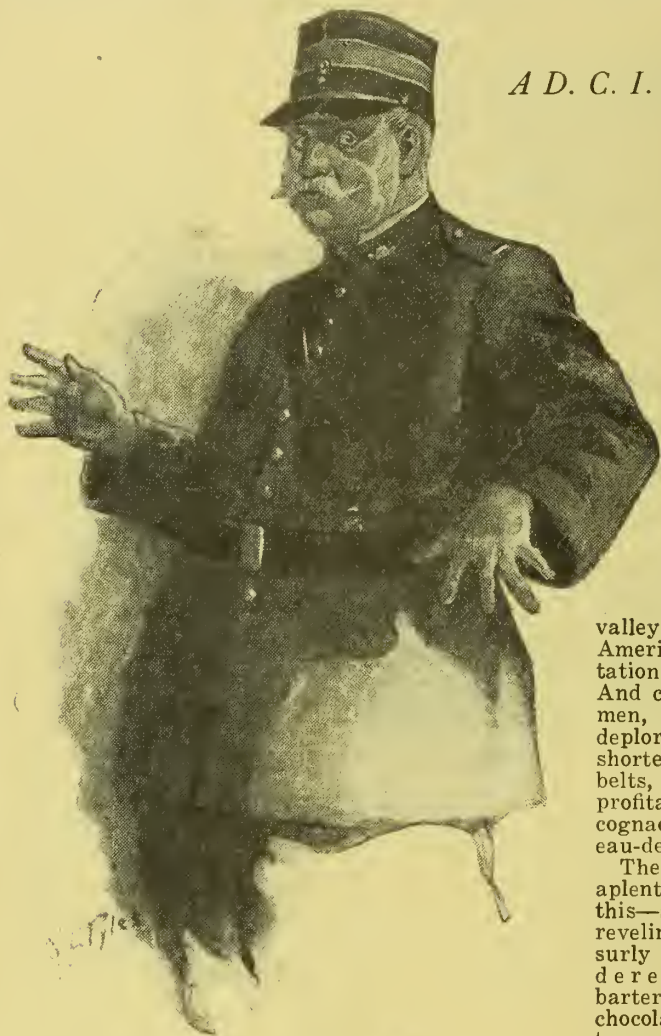
**THE** law authorizing this new scheme of preparedness is the Army Reorganization Act of 1920. The American Legion strove hard to get it passed. For four years the War Department has been working on the plan this act made possible. The department thinks the time has come to give an account of its stewardship by demonstrating these plans to the country. Every citizen and every community will be shown the part he and it are expected to play. The thing will be done publicly and openly. The United States has no hostile feelings toward any nation or any people, and hence no need for concealment of the fact that it means to be intelligently prepared to defend itself.

The official announcements of the  
(Continued on page 20)



A D. C. I. Story

## Through



A bold and determined gendarme, this stalwart Papa Chenou with the white walrus moustaches

valley where lay the American camp, an invitation to restless feet. And certain of his townsmen, finding the war a deplorable affair which shortened their money belts, had turned to the profitable expedient of cognac and raw, harsh eau-de-vie for soldiers.

There had been trouble aplenty in Montriél before this—street fights between reveling Americans and surly Frenchmen; plundered hen roosts; sly barter in stolen sugar and chocolate and tobacco between native miscreants and long-fingered quarter-

master laborers. But murder! Two murders in one night!

Papa Chenou puffed out his cheeks till his white, walrus moustaches stiffened.

Montriél is a one street town. To find the gendarmerie is not difficult. It stands resolutely between the church and hotel, guarding a half dozen shops and cafés that hang tight together. Papa Chenou was in front of his office when I drove up. He had his watch in hand, annoyed at the time I had spent in reaching his secluded town—some eighteen kilos from my headquarters.

"It is this way," he began. "Your man Jordan—yes, of course he is your man! The American officers from the camp came an hour ago and identified him, and took away the body. As I say, your man Jordan was seen here in the street most of the evening. An affair with a girl of our village, a woman named Joan, had brought him here often enough."

"Where did you find the body?" I asked.

"There!" Papa Chenou pointed down the weed-grown hillside toward the railroad tracks, beyond which lay the American camp. "A hundred meters down that hill it was. There's a track of blood, where he crawled, showing plain all the way from the street yonder."

"Did he have a gun?"

"Non, Monsieur. no gun we could find. The bullet though, was of a .32 caliber."

"The Americans do not use so small a gun!" I broke in, hoping to be able at the outset to exonerate the A. E. F.

"This one did!" Papa Chenou shook his head decisively. "He is dead, the Widow Jacquier is dead. The same gun killed both of them."

"The same gun?"

"The same sized bullet, anyway. But come, that is the strangest part of the whole business. We'll go to her house and let you scratch your brain awhile."

The residence of the murdered widow was a small, one-roomed affair, with thick stone walls, heavily shuttered windows, and an air of blank poverty about it. One of Papa Chenou's force, a sallow gendarme with the air of having ridden too far on his official duties, hung wearily over his bicycle, gossiping with the natives who crowded in front of the place.

Papa Chenou had broken in the door—of that there was no question! It lay its length in the street. Its hinges were bent, the bolt was severed off short.

We went in directly. The widow's one room was neat as nails, furnished with the bizarre simplicity of provincial village homes. A bed stood in one corner, a table in another. The cooking chimney spread across the back wall, with its families of shining copper pots and pans hung above the mantel in widely precision.

There were only two windows in the room. The French tax a building according to the number of its panes of glass, and the Widow Jacquier was poor. Both openings were close shuttered. The French window blinds were of solid wood, not slatted in the American fashion, with a crescent, or small star, or fleur-de-lis chiseled into the upper half to admit what might be considered a proper amount of night air.

ON the bed lay the widow—a poor little heap of cold skin and skeleton. Spots of blood had dried on the frilled lace pillow slip, run down from a hole in her forehead. The bullet was in the pillow, a thirty-two caliber.

"But the strange thing is," Papa Chenou said, "the glass was open but the shutters were barred—"

"On the inside?" I interrupted.

"On the inside," Papa Chenou repeated wisely, "and the door was bolted, also on the inside. And there is no gun in the house. We have searched."

Papa Chenou waited for me to scratch my head in the approved gendarmian fashion. Instead, I searched. True, it was impossible for the Widow Jacquier to have shot herself. Neither was it possible for anyone to have shot the woman and have escaped, leaving door and windows bolted inside after him.

"The woman next door says she heard a shot, perhaps two shots, after the whole town was in bed, at ten o'clock last night," the gendarme explained. "The *chef de gare*, who commands our railroad station, was coming up the hill to the town about the same time, and he too heard shooting, but he thought it was only drunken socialists

IN the bedraggled village of Montriél, which looked down from its weedy hillside upon one of the great American concentration camps in France, townsmen found Vance Jordan—murdered. It was a morning of sour winds and sorrowful skies, with the rain pattering down. Vance Jordan, late private, A. E. F., lay face up in the mud, with a hole in his head and his last bottle of cognac still half full beside him.

And an hour later, in this same hamlet of Montriél, other startled townsmen were running with the news that the Widow Jacquier had been killed. Inquisitive neighbors, who missed her at her accustomed early chores, had knocked upon the door of her one-room house, on the lonely edges of the place, and upon receiving no answer, called Papa Chenou.

Papa Chenou broke down the door and discovered the widow's body.

A bold and determined gendarme, this Papa Chenou, who allowed the evil deeds of his community to rest heavily on his shoulders. The news came to my office through two sources. First, a military police captain, commanding the battalion at the camp, notified the district Provost Marshal, and he relayed the message to me. And Papa Chenou telegraphed to my headquarters for aid.

We had met before, this stalwart old gendarme and I, over glasses of cider in wayside inns, while we compared notes. His village hovered above the



# Bolted Doors

By Karl W. Detzer

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles

celebrating, and went home to bed like the honest citizen he is. We have a difficult case before us, my friend."

He paused to wring his hands.

Then we set to work. We interviewed the neighbors first. They were willing to talk. Some of them thought they had heard shooting about ten the night before. But there were three shots?

Three? They were not sure. They thought three.

Had the old widow any enemies? Any family? Money? No, no, no! Had she a revolver? Again a shaking of heads.

We returned to the gendarmerie, where Papa Chenou had arranged the girl Joan should be. She was a robust young woman, sullen and flippant by turns, attempting to win our friendship with compliments, trying to throw us off our quest for details of her acquaintance with Private Jordan. Her memory was conveniently unsatisfactory.

"Yes," she said, smoothing her woolen skirt, "he was my friend, he was at my house last night. But he went away early, nine o'clock.

"Did he have a gun?"

"Oh, no! Never! Only a bottle of cognac!"

WE questioned her. She talked. But there was little we learned, except that she was genuinely sorry, in her way, that this American had died. We hinted at other admirers. She blushed and could think of none. A full two hours we queried. When we came out of the interview we had no more knowledge than we took in, except that other Americans had been claiming the girl's attention—but she knew none of their names, or pretended not to know.

I had come to believe it was coincidence when we dismissed her. The murder of Private Jordan had nothing to do with the death of this simple French widow. The two crimes were unrelated. Callous tragedy, with her freakish humor, had been on two separate errands in the village of Montriél.

I left Papa Chenou, agreeing to return that night to the gendarmerie. I should tell him then what facts had been uncovered in Private Jordan's company.

Back in the American camp a board of inquiry was sifting the evidence it had.

I found the banker, a yellow shade of a man, propped on his pillow. Beside his bed on a table lay a pistol

From Captain Bob Klæhan, president of the board, I found what I already had surmised: that Private Jordan was an insubordinate chap, often absent without leave, drinking incessantly, ugly when drunk, and regularly in the guard house. Of his associates I could learn nothing; no one would own him as a friend.

I DID not return to Montriél that night; investigations in the camp detained me. And next day, when I went back, hopelessly, Papa Chenou was absent from his office.

"You are to meet him at the house

of M. Joseph Rambault," the clerk told me. "He left for there hurriedly."

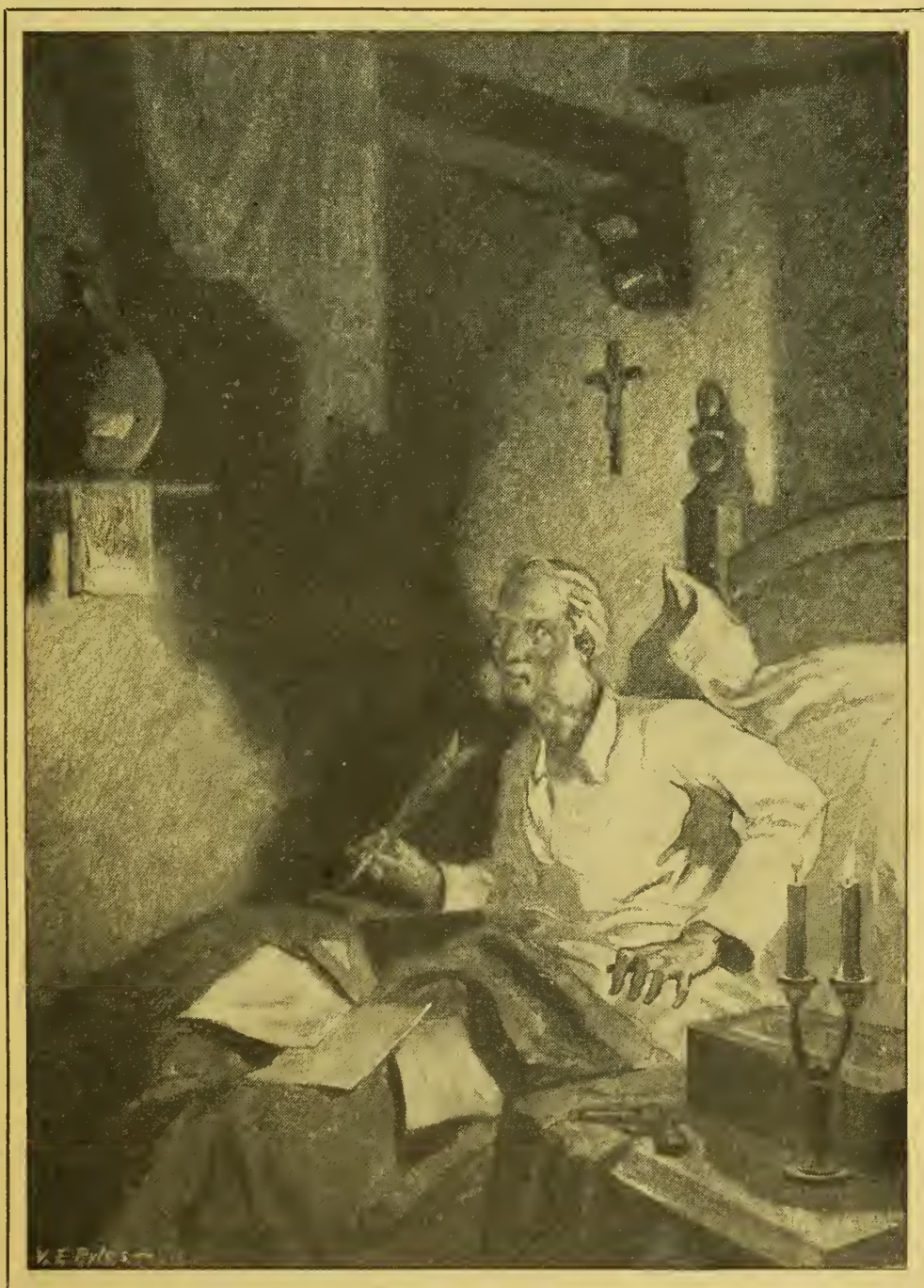
"And who is M. Rambault?" I inquired.

"The richest man in town," the clerk answered solemnly, "an invalid who never leaves his room."

I asked for more details. M. Rambault, I learned, was the town banker. What was more, he lived directly across the street from the murdered Widow Jacquier.

It was a more pretentious dwelling than that of the unfortunate neighbor, of stone, two stories high, with low hanging eaves, built flush of the road

(Continued on page 16)





# EDITORIAL

**F**OR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

## Why Worry?

**T**WENTY years seems an eternity, measured in the slow passing of the days, so why should any service man be in a hurry to send in his Federal Adjusted Compensation application when he won't receive payment until 1945?

We're all going to be alive in 1945, of course. Plenty of time to fill out that blank and send it in.

But in Little Rock, Arkansas, a few weeks ago, Legionnaire Faulkner was killed in an automobile accident. He left a young widow and two small children. He had not forwarded to the Government his application for adjusted compensation, although he was entitled under the law to more than \$1,500 of paid-up insurance. Had his application been mailed his widow would receive that amount in a lump sum. Now his widow will receive only \$625, which will be paid to her over a period of two and one-half years.

Shortly after the burial services for Faulkner, Rudolph Lavicka, a Legionnaire of Hazen, Arkansas, was drowned in an effort to save a young woman companion. Lavicka served more than two years in the Marine Corps and he, too, or his beneficiary, was entitled to more than \$1,500 in paid-up insurance under the Adjusted Compensation Law. But his application had not been made out. He left a widowed mother in Europe who was dependent on him for her support. She will receive \$625 in ten instalments.

Two sudden deaths of Legionnaires in a single State with a few days! It is estimated that more than 25,000 World War veterans will die before January 1, 1925—and many, many hundreds of them will die as unexpectedly as the two Legionnaires of Arkansas.

Any man should be able to fill out his adjusted compensation application in ten minutes. Can you afford to put yours off?

## A Rightful Obligation Cheerfully Shouldered

**T**HE AMERICAN LEGION is sincerely grateful to the American Red Cross for the financial assistance that great organization has rendered the Legion in its work for

the disabled. The heart and lungs of the Legion's systematized effort for its suffering comrades has been the liaison service which the Legion maintains in the fourteen regional Veterans Bureau districts. This service insures a proper contact between the veteran who needs relief and the government agencies which have that relief at hand. It insures that every veteran case shall be properly represented. This service has obtained the adjudication of millions of dollars' worth of claims in favor of veterans. It has obtained medical treatment, hospital care and vocational training for thousands of veterans who probably would not have obtained it otherwise.

This service, which is as old as the Legion is, was put on a business basis in the hands of competent, paid experts in 1921 when the Veterans Bureau was established as a result of Legion effort. The Red Cross came forward with the funds to establish and conduct the service. It was an act of magnanimous generosity which the Legion and the disabled veteran will never forget.

The time has come when the Legion has decided to take upon itself the financing of this liaison service and considerably to extend and improve it. Heretofore the service cost about \$64,000 a year, which the Red Cross paid. The Legion plans a service which will cost \$80,000, and which will be without price so far as its value to our afflicted comrades is concerned. This means less than twelve cents per Legion member.

The Legion made this decision rather than accept the alternative which the Red Cross recently offered. This was that the direction of the service should be surrendered by the Legion to the Red Cross, which proposed to conduct it in collaboration with the Legion and other organizations. The Legion's duty to the disabled is its sacred trust. It is a duty which with a clear conscience it could yield to no one. It is a matter in which the question of cost could not be considered.

Nor need it be considered now. The Red Cross will continue its financial support of the liaison service until January 1st, in order to give the Legion plenty of time to make its plans to take over the load. The Red Cross is over-generous as usual.

Something under twelve cents per member per year. It's hardly the price of a good cigar. The Legion will pay its own way and be better for it. The Legion has always stood ready to strip the shirt off its back if the act would help some crippled buddy. No Legionnaire is going to demur at shelling out the price of a smoke to see that his buddies have the best care and the most generous treatment that science can devise and money provide.

## WHAT DID THE WORLD GAIN BY THE WORLD WAR?

*The following replies to the Weekly's symposium on the question of the gains from the World War were received too late for inclusion in the August 1st issue:*

### LORD LEVERHULME

*England: Manufacturer, capitalist*

What did the world gain by the World War? A great deal less than she lost materially and ethically. The world is poorer by the sacrifice of 10,000,000 brave lives and by producing, it is estimated, another 10,000,000 maimed and crippled shadows of their former selves. But against these unfavorable balances she gained the assurance that the manhood of today is just as brave and chivalrous in defense of right against might and readiness to sacri-

fice all for the right as ever before in the history of mankind.

### DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

*England: World War Premier*

The world gained by the lesson in duty, by the translation into deeds of ideals, by the rekindling of the flame of patriotism and of the fires of self-sacrifice, in forgetfulness of self. It gained by the discovery that no degree of human suffering, no depth of human infamy, could destroy its faith in ultimate good.



*A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer*

# *The Things That Count*

WE have all met the fellow who says: "What's the good of it?" He waits for somebody to bring things to him. The old Arab under the date tree waiting for a ripe date to fall into his mouth was a prize-winner of this type.

So was the fellow who sat on the fence whittling, and said: "What's the use of anything? Nawthing." When his wife called him to dinner, he answered: "Suppose I gotta eat—though I don't see the good of it."

One day he fell asleep and tumbled off the fence. "What's the good of being up there? Gotta back to my seat, now," he concluded as he leaned against the fence. But somebody had to build the fence for him to sit on and lean against.

The What's-the-Gooders have been asking what is the use of the round-the-world flight of our army aviators.

"Traipsing way off to Asia and other foreign places," says the fence philosopher who always regards himself as a man of the highest common sense. "We aren't going to war in India."

That does sound reasonable. We need an air force for home defense. Stunts of individual fliers are not as important as an efficient whole with sufficient material, which we lack. But unless our aviators do some flying we shall forget we have an air force when there are so many other things that demand our attention.

Speed has not been the object of the world flight or distance records. It has been an organized progress from stage to stage and instructive in just that sense, perhaps pioneering swifter mail service between nations.

That is not all. When other nations were making world flights we were in the game too, as we ought to be in any big world game which is not too political. The teeming masses of Asia associated the wonder of our passing on wings with the American name, which is useful publicity for all Americans who live and work in distant lands. It was not the backward people whether of China, India, Persia or Thibet who were sending fliers forth but Britain, France, Italy and America, the people whose bold sons have been the pioneers of world progress.

AS Americans and individuals we shall have thrill when our fliers, who are on the last stages of their journey as I write, arrive home. We had a thrill when the trans-continental dawn-to-dark flight was achieved. When we cease to have thrills, and no one supplies us with something to make us thrill, we shall not have much as members of the animal kingdom on the vegetables in our garden and the jellyfish.

"What's the good?" may have direct application on the recent attempt to reach the summit of Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain, for you cannot grow food or work mines on that summit. Two men lost their lives in the attempt. They knew the risk they were taking for the prize.

Other attempts will be made. Each attempt learns something to help in the next as in the case of the efforts to reach the Poles. When success comes, man, master of the earth, will have stood on the highest point of the earth and we shall have another thrill. The spirit is the same that sent Columbus and Magellan out over uncharted seas and makes the inventor go on short rations to perfect his invention.

You may ask what was the good of Monsieur Bruneau de

Laborie taking all that risk to pay a call on Sidi Mohammed. Laborie is a daring Frenchman. Sidi is chief of the Senoussi who are militant Mohammedans, their fastnesses the oases of the Libyan desert in North Africa. To their mind all Christians should be dead. They cannot kill the Christians of the outside world. That, they realize, is too big a job even for Senoussi. But behind their own frontiers Sherif Sidi, boss chief of all the chiefs of the Senoussi, makes all the local rules and regulations to suit his taste. His passport system has been very simple, death to all Christian visitors. He was not troubled by tourists until Laborie took his dare.

Assured that his own government would give him no protection, with a small party of loyal natives which could not defend itself, he crossed the forbidden line and set forth on that ocean of sand spotted by the skeletons of men and camels.

Smiling, polite, head up—can you see him, that snappy Frenchman?—he greeted the first glowering chief he met by saying that all he wanted was to say, "Howdy'do?" to Sidi. Wouldn't the chief take the word to the noble Sidi in his great central oasis? If Laborie had lost his nerve or his good nature, if he had cringed or threatened, there would have been more skeletons bleaching on the sands.

The manner of his courage won. For five days he was the guest of that ferocious old eat-'em-alive Sherif who was most hospitably polite. At their last meal together Sidi brought forth two precious possessions from the outside world, a bottle of iodine and one of bi-carbonate of soda. Would the agreeable stranger tell him what they were for?

When Laborie explained Sidi had increased his stock of information; and when Laborie was safely escorted back across the frontier he had the thrill—which gives the rest of us a thrill—of having been the first white man in our day to call on Sidi and to cross the Libyan desert.

WE are now being told that the Olympic games instead of doing good breed international ill feeling. There were booing, some fisticuffs and a challenge to a duel at the recent games. That is, the world as a whole has not yet learned the meaning of real sportsmanship.

But we are doing better than we would have an hundred years ago when probably an international Olympic would have ended in a free-for-all fight. The way to learn seems to me to be to get together in such contests which call for the last ounce of strength and skill to excel in open competition.

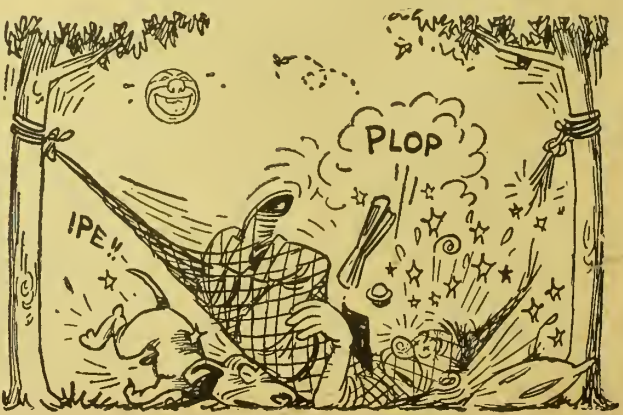
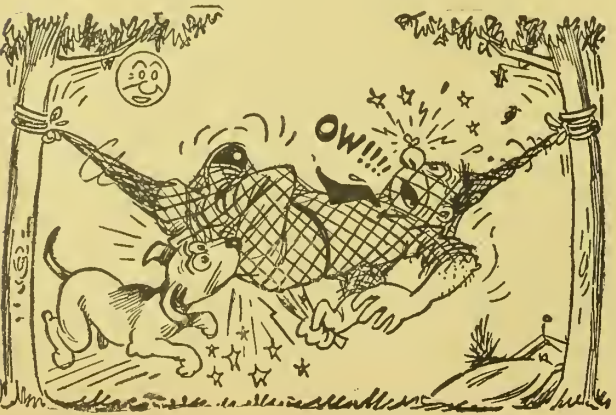
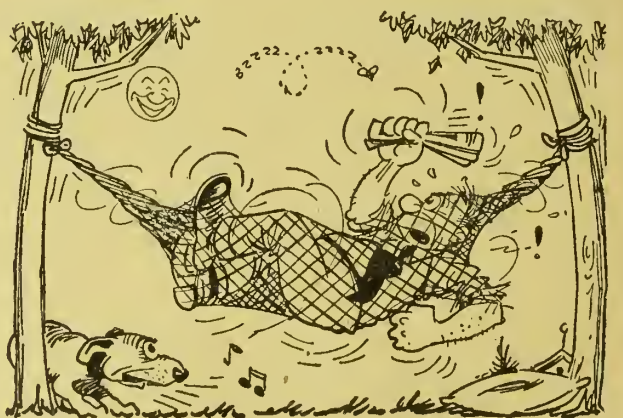
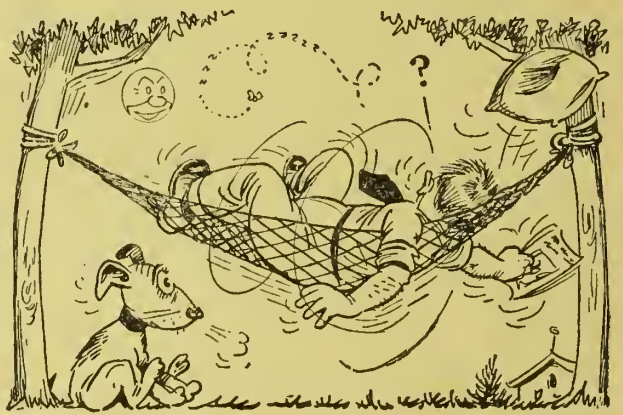
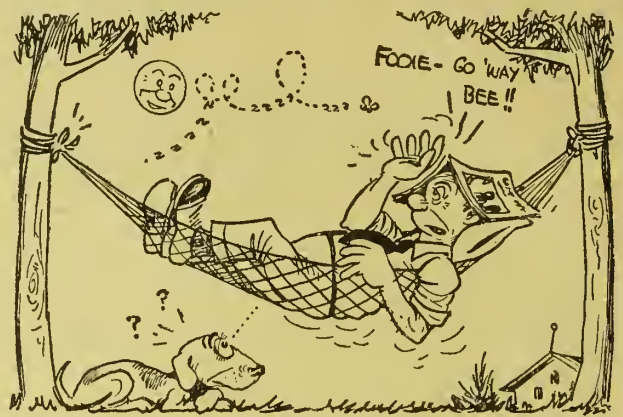
The recent games were worth while just to discover Finland, that little country up by the Arctic Circle, which won second place. No booing of Finland. All the world thrilled as it cheered her success against the big rivals.

When the spirit that brought little Finland's hardy sons to the fore, that of the round-the-world fliers, that which tries for Everest and that which sent Laborie across the Libyan desert, the spirit that makes for human ambition, disappears, the world will sit whittling on the fence and finally fall asleep and tumble off. And eventually, the fence will rot away and civilization will be left flat on its back waiting for the Arab's date to ripen and fall into its mouth. By this time our roads will certainly be in disrepair, our date harvest poor, and our radio sets out of order.



# Sweet Summer Snooze

By Wallgren





# The Legion Brings Up Relief

*The Organization's Service for the Disabled Will Now Depend Wholly on Its Own Dollars as the Red Cross Completes Its Generous Share of the Liaison Program*

THE man who first said two can live as cheaply as one appears not to have signed his name to the maxim, thereby saving himself the trouble of a lot of explaining. This celebrated, though unknown, domestic economist doubtless meant well enough, but—

Well, take the case of a young fellow I know. We will call him Al, which is a close enough approximation of his real name. Al came home from the Army, married the girl he had left behind, and set up housekeeping. This was back in the fall of 1919. Al's new responsibilities put him in debt to start with, but he had ambition and he wasn't lazy. He would soon work out of the hole, he told himself, and lay something up for a rainy day. But prices were high, the job was a grind that didn't seem to lead anywhere. It wasn't long before Al realized he was up against an uphill drill, not merely to get ahead, but to get back to the notch in the business world which he had left in '17 to go in the Army.

Things were not looking any too bright in the Al household, when a well-to-do and benevolent old uncle of Al's came along and looked things over. In about one look he sized up the situation right and proper.

"I observe," he said, "that this matter of 'the industrial re-establishment of the returned soldier,' as the saying is, isn't as simple as some of the experts contend. Here you are plugging away for all you're worth, and a little concerned because you don't seem to be getting anywhere. Pay check lasts about as long as a spoonful of water on a hot stove lid, the fellows who didn't go to war and who cleaned up in the fat times during the war, seem so far ahead of you that pursuit isn't of much use—and all of that. Then you haven't just yourself to look out for. There is the wife and the little shaver. In fact, if it wasn't for them I wouldn't be coming around. Adversity helps more people than it hurts. I believe in a fellow standing on his own feet and killing his own snakes. It builds character, and that sort of thing. But in your case, with a wife and a family and a home to keep up, the grade just seems a little too steep. I'm going to pay your rent for a while and see if things don't smooth out a bit."

That was the lift that counted. Things did smooth out. Al had more time and more energy to devote to his job. He forged ahead. He got out of the woods and on his feet. Uncle was still paying the rent, but never alluding to it, until one day he dropped around and asked how things were.

"Fine as silk," said Al. "I can't tell you how much we appreciate what you've done for us. You gave us our start, our chance to get ahead. We'd

never have been where we are now if you hadn't taken that rent load off my hands two years ago. And it still helps. You see, I'm in business for myself now, and I've been able to branch out some on the money which otherwise would have gone to the landlord."

"That's just what I wanted to say a word about," said uncle. "You know, you're not the only nephew I've got, and not the only one I've had to lend a hand to since the war. One of the reasons I haven't been around to see you oftener is because I knew you were getting on all right by yourself and didn't seem to need me or my advice. But some of my other proteges haven't thrived quite so well, and it has occurred to me that now maybe you could spare me this rent money so I could take it and help someone else out. I have, however, a little proposition that might interest you. I have become interested in a couple of other young fellows like yourself. They need some help. I was thinking that maybe you all three could move into one big house, and get along that way."

Al said he would like a little while to think about it. Uncle said, all right, there was no immediate hurry.

Al mulled the matter over. He knew the boys his uncle referred to. They were upstanding young fellows trying to get a start. They were his business competitors, in a way, but that was all right. The field was large and they ought all to get along and be prosperous. Still, he wanted to hoe his own row and live in his own house and run it to suit himself.

Al went and told his uncle this, thanked him again for what he had done and said he didn't expect to live rent-free any more.

"I think you have made a wise decision," said Al's benefactor. "So that it won't come too sudden-like I will be in no hurry to bring my rent agreement to an end. Let us say I'll stop on January 1st next. That is about six months off. That ought to give you time to adjust your affairs to meet the new obligation."

"PLENTY of time," said Al. "And once more, twenty thousand thanks for what you have done."

"Don't mention it."

This is a true story. It all actually happened. Only Al is not one ex-soldier, but many such. He is The American Legion. The benevolent uncle is the American Red Cross. It happened this way:

In 1919, when the young Legion was engrossed by the large problems of internal and external organization, it assumed as its prime responsibility the proper care of the disabled of the World War. This proved to be a bigger task

than anyone had foreseen. Government agencies to which this work had been confided had been almost unimaginably derelict, incompetent and neglectful. From the outset the Legion threw all of its energies into the effort to remedy this situation, and from that day to this a history of what the Legion has done to help its disabled comrades is almost a history of the Legion itself.

In 1919, while it was still in a state of temporary organization, the Legion financed and conducted two extensive and critical investigations of the Federal Board for Vocational Education and the Bureau of War Risk Insurance—two of the government bodies then charged with important responsibilities in connection with the relief of the disabled. The Legion's findings, published broadcast, shocked the conscience of the country and precipitated a congressional inquiry. In that same year the Legion obtained the passage by Congress of legislation almost trebling the scale of compensation allowances to incapacitated men and their dependents. The base pay of a totally disabled man was increased from \$30 to \$80 a month.

IN 1920 the Legion continued its work to improve the government bodies—there were three of them—which were looking after disabled veterans. It launched its campaign to build government hospitals and rescue helpless veterans from charity wards, insane asylums and even jails, whence they had been driven for refuge as a consequence of the Government's neglect. It began its effort to unify the three independent bureaus, which, with responsibility fixed nowhere, were juggling the unfortunate soldier about among them. The Legion demanded one organization, with one head, so it would be possible to say, "Responsibility lies here," and correct shortcomings.

The campaign for consolidation was concluded in August of 1921 with the formation of the United States Veterans Bureau.

Early in the course of its labors for the disabled the Legion had developed what might be termed a liaison service. The shortcoming of the original government agencies had been so great and their incompetence so profound that tens of thousands of afflicted veterans had given up all hope of relief and retired to their homes, or into private or public institutions, or anywhere they might find some substitute for the relief the Government had failed to give them. Many died. The condition of others became critical. All were disheartened and a great many remained in ignorance of their theoretical rights under the laws. The Legion undertook

(Continued on page 16)



## Mandel Brothers

Men's Shop—Second Floor

Announcing the commencement today of  
another Mandel Brothers Service feature

### War Bonus

*Application Bureau  
for Veterans of the  
Great World War*

We have the application blanks on the second floor, Wabash building.

A representative of Mandel Brothers Post 305 of American Legion and stenographic service will be on hand at all times to facilitate the filling out of your application for compensation now due you by the Federal Bonus act passed by Congress May, 1924.

**Be Sure to Bring Your  
Discharge Papers With You**

# The Paul Revere Pep in Paperwork

Advertisements like this in Chicago newspapers brought thousands of service men to the office which one Chicago post opened to help them get their applications into Uncle Sam's hands speedily

in case a service man dies before applying for adjusted compensation, his heirs are entitled merely to the amount of the adjusted service credit, which is figured at the rate of one dollar for each day of home service and \$1.25 for overseas service, less the deductions which the law specifies.

Mandel Brothers Post of Chicago, composed of employees of a huge Chicago department store, was one of the first posts to undertake to help its members and service men generally get their applications into the Government's hands. As soon as the post learned of the possibility that many men might die uninsured because of the law's provisions it sent a representative to Washington to confer with government officials. The post opened special quarters in the store in which its members work, at State and Madison Streets, in the heart of the Chicago loop, and in the first days of June

stenographers and volunteer helpers began the task of helping the thousands of veterans. By the end of July the post had assisted more than 25,000 veterans or dependents of veterans.

Accomplishments similar to that of the Chicago post have been recorded in almost every State. Many posts profited by the experience they had gained helping their members and other service men fill out applications for state adjusted compensation. This was true particularly in New York, where the distribution of the Federal compensation blanks followed several months of work by every New York post in helping veterans obtain state compensation.

Norwich (New York) Post lays claim to the speed championship in distributing both Federal and state blanks. It received its supply of state blanks at eleven o'clock one morning. At nine o'clock the following morning, when the offices were opened in Albany, more than two hundred miles from Norwich, the State's clerks found awaiting them Norwich Post's 250 completed application forms, all filled out, signed and sworn to as required by regulations. This enterprise brought more than eighty new members to the post and resulted in assignments of payments exceeding \$1,700 to the Veterans' Mountain Camp of the New York Department. Norwich followed up this record on state blanks by making out more than three hundred Federal Adjusted Compensation blanks in one evening.

**T**HE AMERICAN LEGION sweepstakes for speedy paperwork is now being run, with posts in all sections of the country racing against time and death to help World War service men get their Federal Adjusted Compensation applications into the hands of Uncle Sam.

The insurance under the adjusted compensation bill becomes effective from the moment the application has been sent in. The face value of this insurance is more than two and one-half times the amount of the adjusted service credit of the service man, and



This photograph shows how Norwich (New York) Post snapped into it and broke a record by making out in a single afternoon and evening all the State adjusted compensation applications of its 250 members and delivering the completed applications in Albany, two hundred miles away, by nine o'clock of the following morning



# Lakes *that Beckon the Legion*

By Stafford King

Adjutant, Department of Minnesota, The American Legion

"AND is hereby granted a six-day leave of absence from duties for the purpose of visiting Paris."

Buddy wouldn't have sold that scrap of paper for the whole amount of the German reparations.

That's because Buddy was a wise guy. He knew the home banker would never O. K. a trip to Paris later on. So he moved heaven and earth and General Orders to get to Paris with its art galleries and things like that.

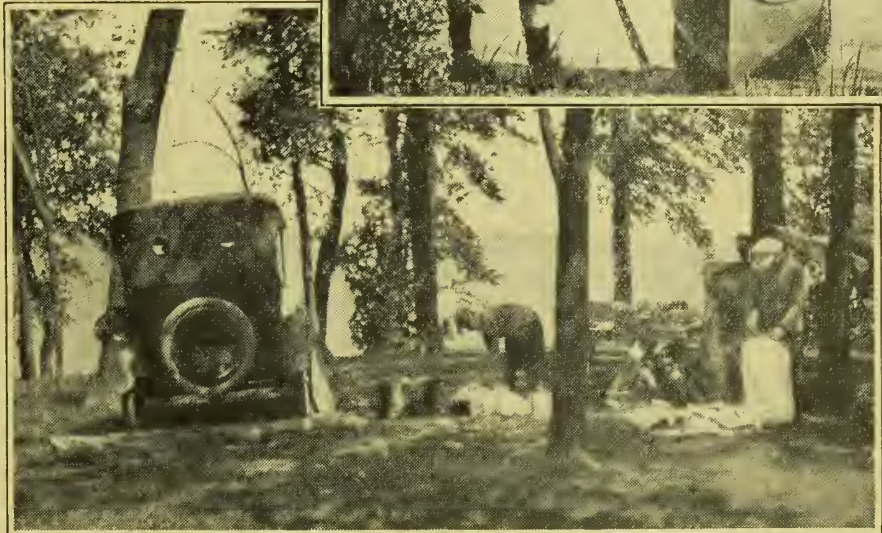
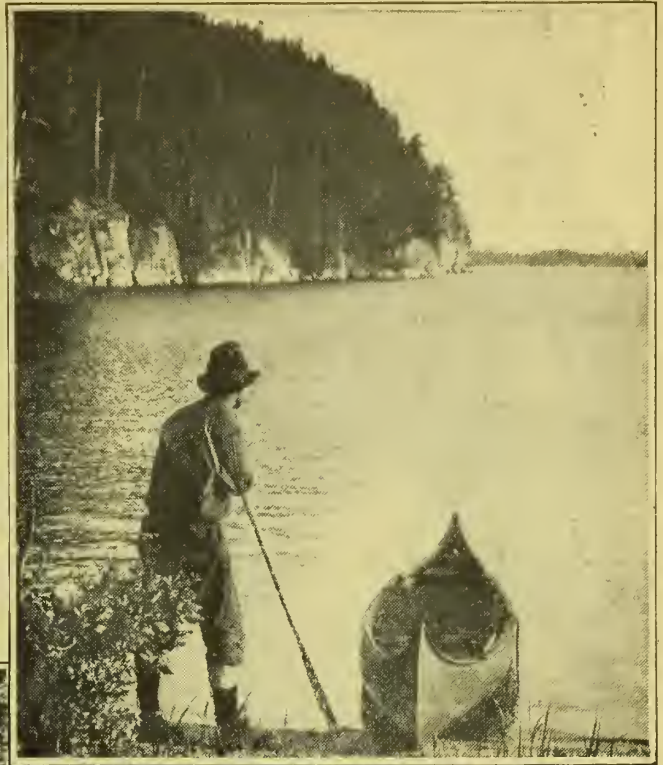
Now we're home. All we've got to do is to talk it over, which we do to the best of our ability at the annual conventions of the Legion. We have that to do, and, of course, we can go fishing. That is, we can go fishing if we have some place to fish.

Speaking about Fishing—. No, that's wrong. I'm not that far yet. Speaking about conventions, I should say. The next national convention of The American Legion, as everybody knows, is booked for Saint Paul, beginning September 15th.

"What's that got to do with Paris?" asks Franc Terror.

Nothing. But neither has Paris got anything to do with

The old masters among the Indians made art galleries of these cliffs of Lac La Croix in the Superior National Forest



Within a few hours' drive from the twin cities of Saint Paul and Minneapolis the motor tourist finds countless perfect camping grounds. This one happens to be on the shore of Lake Osakis



Perfect natural bathing beaches are a characteristic of Minnesota's lakes. This is Lake Vermilion



Saint Paul. What I'm trying to get at is that Saint Paul is the center of the finest fishing region in America—the Ten Thousand Lakes of Minnesota. It would be just as foolish to go to France without seeing Paris as it would be to go clear up to Saint Paul without taking in the ten thousand lakes. Or at least a few hundred of them.

Speaking about fishing (and canoeing and swimming, and motoring and camping and everything), the lakes and rivers of Minnesota offer to the visiting buddy a wealth of outdoor recreation. Let me sketch the outdoor possibilities in this State. It would be too great an undertaking to try to tell about all the lakes and vacation districts, so while you are reading this outline remember that Minnesota really has ten thousand lakes, and that it gives birth to rivers which eventually reach Hudson Bay, the Atlantic Ocean, and the Gulf of Mexico. It is a waterway country with a fine state highway system, and every manner of accommodation is available to suit all tastes

and all purses. There are hundreds of free camp sites for motor tourists.

Minnesota has two national forests. One is virgin pine—a labyrinth of waterways, the home of moose, deer and smaller animals, a true north country—the Superior National Forest. The other is the Minnesota National Forest, spotted with beautiful lakes, widely known for its pike fishing, its wild duck and its life of the pack and the canoe.

Roughly, there are six other general playgrounds in Minnesota. State Highway Number One follows the coast along the north shore of Lake Superior. Many streams run down the slope of the Superior divide. There is the lake park district of west central Minnesota with wonderful motor routes, shaded by overhanging trees, following the shores of beautiful lakes.

The Mississippi headwaters district, where the Father of Waters finds its origin, perhaps merits the distinction of Minnesota's finest fishing region. It is a rugged country where pine forests begin and where wild life is abundant.

Fishing for bass, wall-eyed pike and

great northern pike in the Mille Lacs district makes any day a day of real sport. This district covers the center of the State.

There should be no doubt left in buddy's mind, if he is normal, that he can have one thumpwolloper of a time in Minnesota's outdoors. So plan to come early and take in the ten thousand lakes or stay later and see them.

It doesn't cost much. There are a great many lakes within short distances of the Twin Cities, and even within the city limits, and you will be surprised at the fishing found in lakes reached in an hour from either city.

Get two extra weeks for the convention and see some of these ten thousand lakes. Put in application for leave to day with Mrs. Buddy and the boss, sign on the dotted line, and come on up and take in our lakes.

The Ten Thousand Lakes of Minnesota Association, 131 East Sixth Street, Saint Paul, will give you further dope, if you want more. Write them a nice friendly letter and tell them you want to catch a bass.

## Brothers in a Tradition of Service

THE 1924 national convention of one of the Legions is already history. Five hundred delegates representing approximately 500,000 World War veterans of England, Scotland and Wales—the ex-service men of Ireland have not yet affiliated with the central body—threshed out service problems and outlined a program for the next year in London recently at the annual conference of the British Legion.

Greetings of organized American veteranism were conveyed to the British comrades by Past National Commander Henry D. Lindsley of The American Legion, who delivered the following inscribed message from National Commander John R. Quinn:

The most priceless memory of war is that of comradeship. In the devotion of one military man to his fellow we find a friendship that binds together nations and races.

The American Legion feels a poignant pleasure, therefore, in extending to the annual congress of the British Legion the greetings of friendship and comradeship. To most of us the horrors of war are a dim, almost preposterous, memory. But the friendships of war are as real today as they were in 1918, when together we experienced the sufferings and fears of conflict and the exalted joy of victory. Those friendships we will willingly never relinquish. They are part of a tradition of service. In them we are reminded always of the high

ideals that brought us together in battle and keep us together in peace.

Side by side with you we are marching forward to the accomplishment of greater good for God and country. For us all reward for past service and inspiration for future service comes from every effort to make better the nation to which we owe allegiance. That reward is the more to be valued because it is universal; it is the reward of all good soldiers who fight for right, who serve in the name of the Universal Commanding Officer.

Mr. Lindsley was enthusiastically received by the British veterans and the message from National Commander Quinn brought forth cheers and sincere applause. The response was delivered by Major J. B. Brunel-Cohen, who became personally acquainted with American Legionnaires at the New Orleans convention in 1922 as one of the British

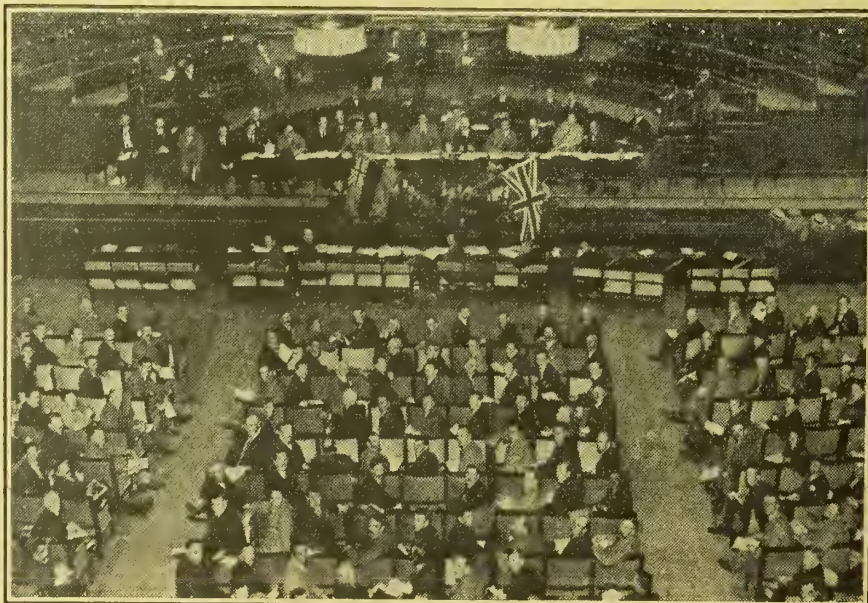
Legion delegates to the annual conference of the FIDAC.

A suggestion made by Mr. Lindsley to the conference that the Prince of Wales, patron of the British Legion, visit some national convention of The American Legion was instantly approved by the meeting.

The biggest problem before the British Legion this year, one which was successfully met by The American Legion two years ago, is that of unemployment. There are still several hundred thousand British veterans without work. The London conference called on British employers to assist in taking care of the able-bodied unemployed by filling at least five percent of all new positions with veterans. An effort will be made to have a law passed to this effect. The care of disabled comrades received earnest and careful consideration. Assistance is being

given these men through legislation, private funds and funds of the British Legion.

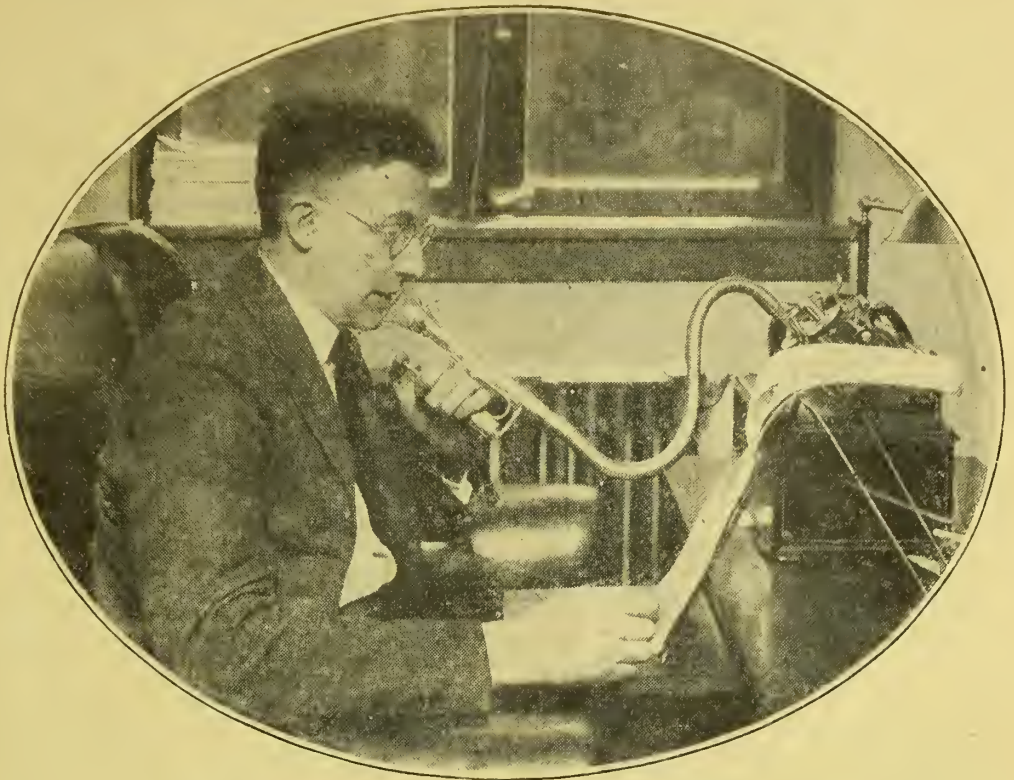
At the annual conference of the FIDAC, the international Allied veterans' organization, in September, the British delegates will suggest that FIDAC co-operate with the veterans of former enemy countries looking toward the establishment of permanent peace. It is not the intention of the delegates to have this co-operation include an invitation to enemy veteran organizations to join FIDAC.



The British Legion in session at its annual conference in London



From \$60 a month to \$1,000 a month is the index to the self-rehabilitation of R. A. Mingins, who came back from the Argonne with one leg missing, to earn a livelihood for himself, his wife and two children. He tried selling insurance. Success followed failure when he cast aside government help, nailed a personal declaration of independence to the family masthead and put every bit of energy he could rally into studying shorthand at home. By taking down William H. Taft's words while his little daughter started and stopped a borrowed phonograph he gained the speed in shorthand which has made him today one of San Francisco's most expert court reporters



## From \$60 a Month to \$1,000

NO weaver of fiction tales has ever taken for his plot the loves and adventures of a court reporter—the nimble-fingered fellow who spends a lifetime copying down in shorthand what other men do and say. He seems to have no personality of his own; he cannot, by the very nature of his job, put anything of his own creation into the voluminous screeds he writes.

Thus self-effacing court reporters—the better they efface themselves the more successful they are—are no meat for fiction. But The American Legion of California presents R. W. Mingins, its second vice-commander and shorthand reporter extraordinaire, as a character interesting enough to be the hero of any number of novels.

Mingins came back from the war, in which he served with valor in the Ninety-first Division (Commander Quinn's own) with his right leg off at the knee, and exactly fourteen wounds in his body where shrapnel got him in the Argonne. Of course he didn't have a job. He did have a wife and two children to support, however.

But before you go further into the grave troubles that Mingins faced when he came home from France, you ought to know something of him before he went into service, when he was younger and had a whole body. It will help you to see why the Legion in California considers him a bit of a hero.

He was born in Metuchen, New Jersey, and gradually came West, getting his education as he came. In Seattle he took a pre-law course in the University of Washington. In his second year he married. He left law school shortly after his marriage.

The World War was just getting well under way in Europe, and Mingins was getting ready for his most interesting part in it. Before being married he took out "army insurance," a policy that wouldn't be forfeited in the event he decided to put on the uniform.

"So that in case of war I would be sure that nothing would stop me from getting into it," Mingins says, "I took examinations for a certificate of eligibility as an officer of infantry, in 1915, and in 1915 was automatically made a reserve officer when the National Defense Bill went into effect."

Now, getting back to the day when Mingins returned from France, wounded and sadly handicapped, to take up the battle of earning a livelihood for himself, his wife and his two children. That day was more than five years ago.

"Weren't you discouraged when you got back?" he was asked the other day. He smiled reminiscently, and it was a sad smile.

"Buddy, you put it mildly," he said. "I had heard of the Federal Board of Vocational Training. In France they told me that when I was discharged my base pay would go on, and I would be rehabilitated, whatever that meant. It sounded good. When I got home, however, I found that too many second lieutenants had got shot up, and that it was wrong to give one man more than another. That let me out. I had a wife and two children and sixty dollars a month—well, I just couldn't figure how it was done."

Here is a good place to insert that Mingins is now reputed to be making \$1,000 a month. He has a flourishing business all his own in the financial district of San Francisco, and a busy

staff of people is working for him. The story of Mingins's rise from sixty dollars a month to a thousand dollars a month is a most surprising one.

"I went over to the Federal Board," he relates, "dragging the wooden block that was serving for my good right leg, and hobbling along with a cane. I asked them about rehabilitation. The first official that I saw was enough."

"'But maybe you are not entitled to rehabilitation,' this fine fellow said to me, raising his eyebrows. 'Maybe your livelihood is not affected.'"

Mingins, being a man of spirit, stumped out on his wooden leg.

His old company commander got him a job selling insurance.

"Drag—drag—drag; back and forth I went for nine weary months," he says. "Finally I quit in disgust. I was perpetually tired, and couldn't do my work properly. My Saturday afternoons and Sundays off I spent in bed, trying to recoup strength for another week of dragging myself and my wooden foot around."

At last he went back to the Federal Board. The Board put him in training.

"The next month I got a check," he relates. "The American Legion had by that time made it so a fellow could live on his training pay."

He told the Federal Board that he wanted to sell things. They got him a job selling on commission, but, crippled as he was, it wasn't his line. He tried it, though, tried it hard, and drag-drag-drag for more weary months, thinking the big sale would come at

(Continued on page 22)





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## Through Bolted Doors

(Continued from page 7)

—there were no sidewalks in Montriell. A stern-faced woman, the sister of the banker, refused me admission when I knocked. I requested Papa Chenou. He came, after an interminable wait. His rough old face was streaked with tears. He carried his ink bottle in his right hand, in his left a quill pen and a bundle of *procès verbal* blanks.

Saying scarcely anything, he led me to M. Rambault. It was a clean, bright, orderly, second-story room that looked out on the street. I found the banker, a yellow shadow of a man, propped on his pillow. He, too, was weeping. Beside his bed on a table lay a pistol, caliber .32.

Papa Chenou walked the floor nervously. I waited.

"I must tell it!" he said at length, and pulled me toward the window. "M. Rambault has confessed. He killed your man Jordan—"

"Monsieur, monsieur, it was self-defense!" M. Rambault interrupted.

"He knows that!" Papa Chenou retorted. "How could it be anything else? M. Rambault is an invalid," he went on to me. "He does the town banking here, never leaves this room. Ten o'clock, night before last, he was in bed, working on his accounts. Someone climbed up the wall beside the house and into the window—a soldier, in American uniform.

"The money is there," Papa Chenou continued. "See? In that tin box by his bed. M. Rambault always keeps a revolver under his pillow, to protect it. The American stood on the sill and said something in English, which our good banker does not understand. He was swinging a club. He was very savage. M. Rambault shot once, twice, and the third time the American dropped into the street."

The gendarme cleared his throat and looked apprehensively at the wasted figure on the bed. The old man lay with his head fallen on his narrow chest, with only his fingers, gripping the coverlet, to prove that he still heard.

"M. Rambault was horrified," Papa Chenou went on. "He is a good man, Monsieur, whom the priest visits twice each month and on holidays. He was overcome. He fell back, faint. He was

like a child asleep, he knows not how long. It was his sister, come to bring the eggs and cheese, who aroused him. She called me.

"We know now who killed the robber. But who murdered our peaceful French widow?"

"You fired three shots?" I asked. M. Rambault opened his eyes and nodded.

"Three shots," the gendarme answered for him. "See, it is a five-shooter. Three of the chambers are empty."

"One bullet killed Jordan," I said. "Where are the other two?"

Papa Chenou looked at me in astonishment. He was silent for a long time. "It couldn't be!" he protested finally.

We crossed the street to the one-room house. The way was deserted now, where only yesterday the whole village had gathered to discuss the news—a strange people, the French, who permit not even tragedy to keep them long from their daily work.

The widow's body had been taken away. Nothing else had been removed, even the shutters still were closed. I lay down where the woman had met her death and looked up at the window. Through the little crescent in the solid blind I made out the open window of the banker's bedroom across the street.

"Here, Papa Chenou," I suggested, "lie down and tell me what you see."

Gingerly he spread out on the bed. Then he nodded, his lips very tight.

"I understand," he admitted at length. "The first shot went wild. Yes, it came there, through the slit in the shutter! He killed the widow, too—poor M. Rambault!"

"But the third?" I questioned. "He shot three times."

We returned to the other second story room. There in the plastered sill, we dug out with our knives a slug of lead that had once been a revolver bullet.

"I shall see the *procurator*," Papa Chenou announced to M. Rambault. "The French will know it was not your fault. And the American?" He turned to me.

"Could not convict," I answered.

Another D. C. I. story will appear in an early issue.

## The Legion Brings Up Relief

(Continued from page 11)

to seek these men out, talk them into a more cheerful frame of mind, bring them in contact with the Government relief stations, and to see that they got the relief to which they were entitled. This important activity soon became a staple of Legion service to the disabled. It became part of the routine work, not only of the Legion's national organization, but of every state department and every post.

When the Veterans Bureau was organized the Legion's liaison service took the form of a fixed and definite piece of administrative machinery. The Bureau was decentralized. The Legion's National Committee on Rehabilitation, likewise, was decentralized. In

each of the fourteen regional districts a Legion Rehabilitation Committee was formed, the chairman of each of these committees becoming a member of the National Rehabilitation Committee, of which committee a chairman was appointed by the National Commander. Each district committee embraced within its membership department commanders and specialists in N. P., T. B. and other diseases. These chairmen and members serve without pay and in most instances bear all of their own expenses. They have done a tremendous amount of good work in developing and advocating successfully before the Veterans Bureau thousands of individual claims. They



have a strong influence in establishing policy and assisting to direct the administration of affairs of the Bureau in the districts, and generally these committees are the Legion's responsible representatives in the districts for co-operation with the Bureau as to its field functions, including offices, hospitals, training centers, etc. The service of liaison in each district was placed in charge of a salaried employee of the Legion, known as a liaison officer, who has become one of the most important spokes in the wheel.

All of this effort had imposed a heavy financial burden upon the Legion, which was cheerfully met. As far as I know this is the first time the subject has ever been discussed in print. When the salaried liaison officers were established, the Red Cross came forward and offered to bear the expense of their maintenance. You may be assured this assistance was accepted with deep gratitude. The Red Cross and the Legion had been collaborating for a good while in the work for the disabled. The Red Cross had followed the Legion's course with attention and approval. It knew what a drain the young organization's treasury had been put to. Seeing a chance to serve the disabled, through the Legion, it took it.

This generous and spontaneous financial lift from the Red Cross has amounted to about \$64,000 a year—which, however, does not represent the full outlay for Legion service to the disabled. From its own pocket the Legion has paid cut annually several times this sum, and not only the national organization, but departments and posts and Auxiliary units have stinted themselves and sometimes been obliged to take special measures to insure the existence of funds to carry on this work, which always has had priority on Legion budgets. The \$64,000 annual contribution from the Red Cross for the definite purpose of maintaining a paid and competent liaison service in the fourteen regional districts of the Veterans Bureau, constantly on watchful duty in the interest of the disabled, has been an indispensable factor in the Legion's general scheme. Certainly the Legion could not have done all that it has done without this help. It gave the Legion elbow room, and enabled it to keep its nose far enough away from the grindstone to get a helpful bird's-eye view and perspective of the lay of the land.

The Legion has always been jealous of its independence, and particularly of its financial independence. It has declined unselfish and well-meant offers of financial help because—as some friendly critics have observed—it has leaned over backward in this detail.

When the Legion accepted the assistance of the Red Cross in getting on its feet an organized, permanent service to the disabled, there was no thought in the Legion's mind that this subsidy should be permanent. In 1922, less than a year after the agreement was made, Mr. MacNider, then the National Commander of the Legion, so assured John Barton Payne, the chairman of the Red Cross. He said the Legion meant to assume this responsibility as soon as it was able. Mr. Owsley, who was Commander last year, told Judge Payne the same thing. Judge Payne assured the Legion leaders that the Red Cross regarded the money as well spent, and that the Legion need be in no hurry to terminate the agreement. The Red Cross, by the way, in keeping with the sound business policies which

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Uncle Freemantle Hopkins was a retired sea captain, with an anchor on the back of each hand, and a lady circus performer tattooed on his left arm.

He had been almost shipwrecked in every quarter of the globe; he had fought pirates with and without earrings; he had met cannibals in their Sunday clothes, and monkeys in South Sea Islands had stunned him by dropping cocoanuts on his head.

Once there was a mutiny on Uncle Freemantle's ship, and when he got it quelled he had hardly a whisker left.

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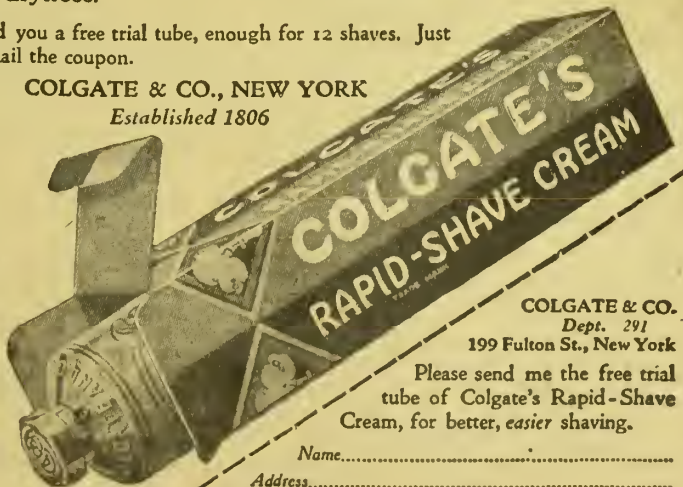
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govern its disbursements of funds, kept a keen eye on the use the Legion made of the funds entrusted to it. It fully approved of everything.

The Red Cross has a forge full of irons in the fire all of the time. It is a tremendous organization. Its activities encircle the earth. They go forward under every sky and clime. These extensive humanitarian works are carried on by strictly business methods. Last fall the Red Cross, after one of its periodical surveys of the veteran relief field, proposed to the Legion a change in the liaison program. It proposed that the Legion liaison service, which was carried on with Red Cross money, be transformed into a consolidated service representing jointly the Red Cross, the Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Disabled American Veterans of the World War. The Red Cross offered to finance the new arrangement, exercising complete administrative control. The veterans organizations were to be consulted, however, and use made of their experience. Essentially there would be little change in the service, as it had been organized and conducted by the Legion, except that control would pass from the hands of the Legion to those of the Red Cross.

After several exchanges of letters among the officials of the Red Cross and the veterans' organizations mentioned, a conference was held in Washington early last December. It was attended by James L. Fieser, acting chairman of the Red Cross, Director Hines of the Veterans Bureau, National Commander Quinn of the Legion and the national heads of the V. F. W. and the D. A. V. At this conference the Red Cross proposal was gone over carefully and tentatively accepted by all present. For its part, the Legion felt that it could no longer accept financial assistance from the Red Cross without giving that organization an official voice in the direction of the liaison service. But for ratification the Legion's end of the agreement was referred to the National Executive Committee of that organization.

The committee met at Indianapolis on January 14th last. The liaison service matter was referred to a sub-committee composed of Henry D. Lindsley, former National Commander, chairman, James A. Drain, of Washington, D. C., and Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, of which the liaison service is a part. The sub-committee reported and the executive committee adopted a resolution in which the Legion declined to become a party to the proposed consolidated effort, thanked the Red Cross for its generous assistance to date, and announced the determination of the Legion to arrange to finance the liaison work in the future without outside assistance.

The text of the resolution and the discussion over it brought out that the liaison work represented the core of Legion service to the disabled. The present organized mechanism represented the gradual evolution of a spontaneous activity begun by the Legion in 1919, whereunder every Legion post undertook to round up the needy veterans in its community, bring them in touch with the government agencies of relief, and to sponsor the case of each deserving veteran before the official body in question. The Service Division, the branch of the Legion's national headquarters

which exercised superintendence over this work, was in operation four months before the Legion itself was permanently organized at Minneapolis in November of 1919. This work has become a vital part of the Legion's activities. It is an indispensable corollary to the Legion's constant efforts to obtain the enactment of more liberal and more satisfactory legislation, upon which all relief work is based. But the liaison work represents a testing an expert observation of the actual working of the legislative acts and of regulations of the Veterans Bureau which are based on those acts. Much of the information upon which the Legion has successfully contended from time to time for the amendment of legislation has been derived from the observations of the liaison men.

The Legion felt that its obligation to its afflicted comrades was a sacred trust, toward the discharge of which it had labored so long and accomplished so much; a trust which the Legion did not feel that it could relinquish even to the Red Cross. Furthermore, as the resolution points out, the Legion was charged by the Fifth National Convention at San Francisco last fall to maintain its present service of liaison. This constituted a legal obligation as well as a moral one.

Messrs. Lindsley, Drain and Miller were delegated to communicate this decision to the Red Cross and to make arrangements for the Legion to finance the liaison service in case the Red Cross should immediately withdraw its support. The executive committee was explicit on this point. It instructed these gentlemen to arrange "so that there shall be no let-up or failure in the service of The American Legion to the disabled veterans."

At a series of conferences with Judge Payne, Mr. Fieser and Robert C. Bondy, director of War Service of the Red Cross, the Legion representatives explained the position of their organization. This was thoroughly understood by the Red Cross people, who agreed to continue their present financial aid until January 1, 1925, when the Legion will take over the financing of the liaison service. The project for a consolidated service was dropped.

The Legion, therefore, is faced with the problem of financing this service, which in times past has been carried by the Red Cross at a cost of \$64,000 a year. Legion finances are in good shape and the additional expense can be met if proper steps are taken. The details, however, have not been worked out. Indeed, the Legion proposes to take advantage of the change to improve and extend the present service. Chairman Miller of the National Rehabilitation Committee has drafted a tentative budget which calls for an expenditure of not \$64,000 but \$80,000 on the liaison service. This amounts to less than twelve cents per Legion member—a trivial sum, indeed, for a Legionnaire to pay for an organization which every day brightens the lives of hundreds of his disabled comrades. Mr. Miller believes, and his colleagues on his committee believe, that the Legion will be better off standing on its own feet and meeting the expenses of this peculiarly Legion obligation from the Legion's own funds. Had it not been for the extremely generous attitude of the Red Cross the arrangement, doubtless, would have



been terminated before. But the Red Cross not only gave these funds, but declined to call its action a gift. Red Cross officials pointed out that the money came from public contributions raised during the annual Red Cross roll calls which the Legion has actively supported.

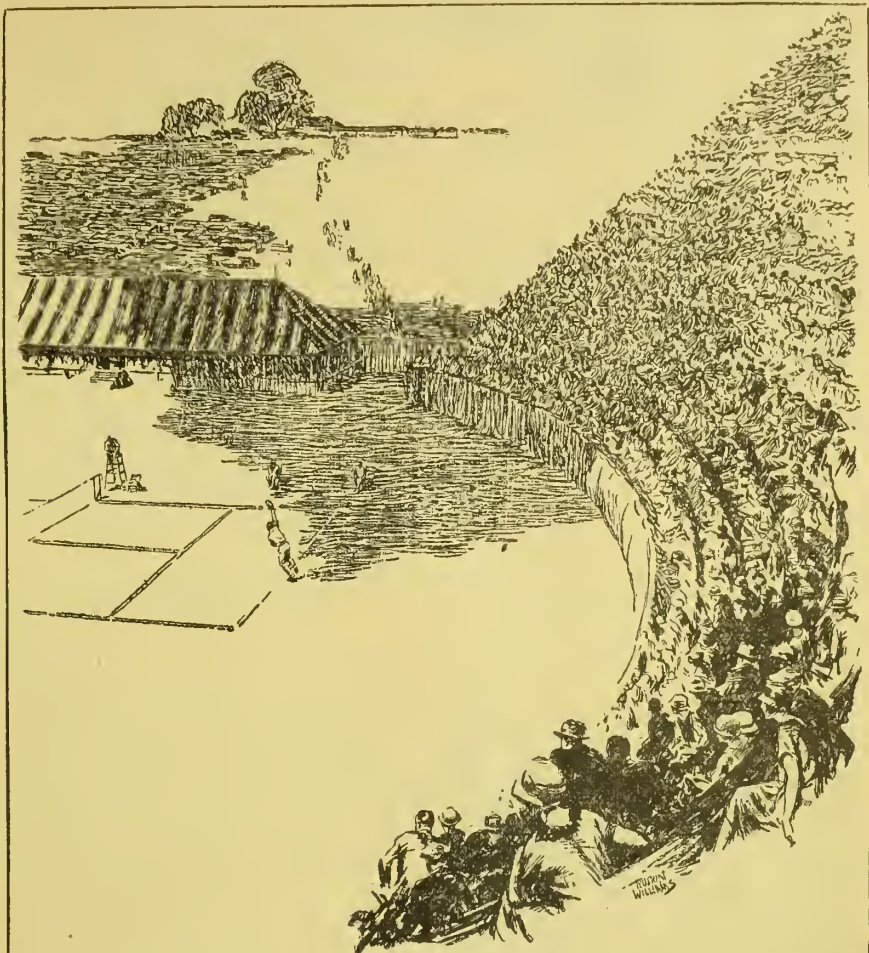
The withdrawal of the Red Cross's contribution to the Legion's work for the disabled does not mean, of course, that the interest of that organization in the welfare of the disabled has abated, or that its expenditures in that connection will be less than heretofore. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924, the Red Cross spent about \$4,000,000 for service to veterans and their families. It spent an additional \$308,000 for service to men now in the Army and Navy—a variety of service with which all Legionnaires are familiar. The recollection of it forms a definite part of every veteran's war remembrances. Last year's expenditures in the interest of service and ex-service men are tabulated as follows in the annual report of the Red Cross:

Service by chapters:

1. Service to disabled veterans by 2,575 Red Cross chapters	\$2,000,000
2. Service to service men and their families by chapters..	377,000
Service by the national organization:	
3. Administration and supervision expense .....	195,600
4. Camp, hospital and liaison service (for disabled men exclusively. This liaison service is exclusive of the one maintained by the Legion, and, generally speaking, does a different work).....	1,183,000
5. Army and Navy service to service men .....	308,000
6. Loans and grants to service and ex-service men.....	31,500
7. Transient service (help to persons stranded away from home. This item represents valuable assistance to disabled men who have left their homes seeking climatic changes. It also represents assistance to a good many persons who doubtless were not veterans at all, though they may have claimed to be)	189,600
8. Recreational equipment in vocational training schools....	2,500
9. Emergencies (in which is included the \$64,000 allocated to the Legion).....	105,000
Total.....	\$4,393,000

The Red Cross will continue these services, many of which are rendered in conjunction with The American Legion. Red Cross chapters and Legion posts co-operate throughout the country. Thousands of deserving cases or requests for service are brought to the attention of agents of the Red Cross by the Legion, and this service has been rendered and is included in the foregoing tabulation. There is not a Red Cross chapter in the country which is not in constant touch with the Legion posts which surround it. It will be the aim of the national organizations of both the Red Cross and the Legion to systematize these contacts and heighten their effectiveness.

The collaboration of the Red Cross and The American Legion will continue



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in other fields with continual striving for improvement. The Legion's Americanism Commission and the A. R. C. find many common labors, and the fact that each organization has its particular work to do, and can address its efforts to different aspects of the same problem, insures a well-rounded job. The Red Cross maintains a highly specialized disaster service which has met a thousand tests in all parts of the world. In these efforts it is constantly working with the Legion. The story of how each organization found its work to do and did it a few weeks ago at Lorain, Ohio, is a recent example. The Legion post was on the ground and was mobilized instantly for the emergency. A Legion post is always on the ground. There is not a spot in America which is not within the sphere of influence and of service of one of the Legion's 11,000 local units. The Legion at Lorain performed heroic services of an emergency character while the Red

Cross assembled money, materials and personnel to take over the larger and longer task of relief to the stricken community until it could get on its feet again.

In taking over the complete financing as well as the administrative direction of its liaison service, by which any disabled veteran anywhere is assured of expert representation before the Veterans Bureau, the Legion is doing a logical thing. The transition does not mark any lessening of the interest of the Red Cross in or of its service to the disabled or the needy veteran. It marks a more effective division of labor between these two great organizations whose first purpose is to serve those who have served their country. It marks a day which the Legion has long looked forward to—a day when the Legion will stand alone and face the task to which it has solemnly declared its best energies always have been and always will be dedicated.

## An Appointment to Meet Captain X

(Continued from page 5)

War Department point out that September 12th, which has been selected as the date of the defense test, is an appropriate one. It is the sixth anniversary of the beginning of the Battle of St. Mihiel, the first full-scale all-American offensive of the World War. The American First Army, commanded personally by Pershing, began the drive which swept the St. Mihiel salient clear of German troops who had been there four years. There is no gainsaying that the demonstration planned should form a suitable observance of this anniversary.

But another event transpires on that day, which the defense test also suitably marks. Pershing was too modest to permit it to be noted in the official announcement, but this test marks Pershing's farewell to the Army. September 13th will be Pershing's birthday. He will be sixty-four years old—the age at which army officers must retire from active service. Pershing will relinquish his command at midnight on September 12th, at the completion of this great demonstration of a nation ready to defend itself—a demonstration which Pershing more than any other man in this country has made possible.

Arrangements are in full swing to make Defense Day worthy of the events it commemorates and worthy of its significance as concerns the future security of our country. The President has approved of the program of the War Department. Governors of States and mayors of cities and towns are being asked to set the day aside by proclamation, and give it over to patriotic observances. National Commander Quinn of The American Legion has urged every Legion post to participate locally in the observances. The American Legion, The American Legion Auxiliary and thirty-six other veteran, military and patriotic organizations of men and women have pledged their support.

Milton J. Foreman, Past National Commander of the Legion and chairman of the Legion's National Committee on Military Policy, has been named chairman of the special committee to supervise the Legion's part in the de-

fense test. Chairman Foreman also happens to be the major general commanding the 33d National Guard Division, which will give him something else to think about in this connection. Most of the people concerned with this test, from Pershing down to Captain Smith of Laclede, Missouri, and Captain X of your town, are Legionnaires. That is why the participation of the Legion in this event will be a vital part in it. A staff colonel in Washington (a Legionnaire, too) assured this writer some time back that "the success of this undertaking seems about up to the Legion. If it weren't for the Legion I really believe we would hesitate to try it on such a grand scale. But the Legion is mainly responsible for the Act of 1920, which makes this defense test possible, and it doesn't seem to us that the Legion to going to abandon its child."

The colonel's humane expectations do him credit. The Legion isn't going to abandon its child. It is going to look out for him and try to give him a proper bringing up.

The plans which will be tried out next month are for a mobilization of almost 4,000,000 men, grouped in three field armies, nine corps and fifty-four combat divisions. Of these divisions nine are composed of Regular troops. They are kept at less than half-strength in peacetime, but they are always in readiness for active service. They constitute the first line of defense. National Guard divisions number eighteen, which average about one-third wartime strength, but they could be recruited up, equipped and placed in the field in fairly quick order.

The backbone of our defensive scheme, however, is the twenty-seven divisions of the Organized Reserves. This is the citizen army, which in peacetime exists only as a shadow. Every one of these divisions is completely organized on paper, and every move has been thought out against the contingency which might necessitate their organization, in fact. To each division is allocated so much territory, from which it must draw its recruits. In the sparsely settled regions of the west a divisional sector may cover a couple of States.



Where the population is denser the sectors are smaller. New York City, with as many people as several States combined, must raise a division—the 77th. Divisional sectors are divided into brigade and regimental components. Regimental domains are split into company areas. Not an acre of ground in the whole United States has been overlooked. Wherever you reside you are in one of these company areas. Save for a few Regulars at the division headquarters, these twenty-seven Reserve divisions are officered by Reservists. Your company area has its commander—Captain X.

The object of the defense test is to give this shadow force of 4,000,000 men substance for a day. Regular troops in post and garrison, wherever they may be, at home and in our territories overseas, will be mustered, inspected and paraded, put through military exercises most likely to interest the civilian population round about. The Army will keep open house. Visitors will be cordially welcome. The same with the National Guard. They will be called out for the day by the governors of the respective States. They will assemble in their armories and on their drill grounds. The public is invited to come and see something that will be worth seeing.

This part of the defense test is simple. The Regulars and the Guardsmen have been called to active service so many times that they know what to do and how to do it.

The picturesque and interesting, and also the vital, part of the test will be the theoretical calling up of the twenty-seven Organized Reserve divisions. That is where you come in and where your town comes in. If you and your town do your parts the larger aspects of the situation will take care of themselves. Everything will move like the works of a clock, though you will be testing out a program of national defense which hasn't been tried out in this country since the Revolutionary War. The Civil War witnessed a semblance of it, however. In the North and in the South the young men of a community would get together and form a company, sometimes electing the officers by ballot. The company would march some place and join with other companies and form a regiment. By these means the armies of the Union and of the Confederacy grew like a snowball does going down a slope. Rightly co-ordinated and supervised, this method of mobilizing has the complicated system we used in 1917 and '18 beaten all hollow.

The arrangements for your rendezvous with Captain X is in charge of two local committees. A mobilization committee for your neighborhood will be named by the governor, and a military committee by the commanding officer of the corps area in which your community is situated. By the time this is printed these steps probably will have been taken. The job of the mobilization committee will be similar to that of the local draft boards during the war. It will be their duty to obtain the personnel which, for the day of September 12th, will give substance to the shadowy ranks of the company of Captain X. This committee will appeal to local community organizations such as the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, the churches, the Boy Scouts, to turn out and enlist for the day. And, of course,

the Legion will be appealed to. Hundreds of posts have made their plans to show up in a body.

The job of the military committee is to acquaint Captain X with what is expected of him. The captain will muster his one-day company, and maybe lead it in a parade. He will explain to it, and to all others who will gather to listen, just what would happen if this mobilization were the real thing. Company headquarters would be established at the firehouse. There recruits would be sworn in as they were accepted by the draft board. The first platoon would be billeted in the vacant store on Marble Avenue, the second platoon in the old ice house across the railroad tracks, and so on. Or the men could sleep at home if it did not interfere with their military duties. Smith's grocery and Jones's meat market would supply provisions for the mess and receive Captain X's I. O. U.'s on Uncle Sam. Uniforms and equipment would arrive. The fair grounds would be turned into a drill field. Within thirty days the company would be on its feet, presenting a creditable appearance and ready for orders to concentrate at the regimental meeting place.

Captain X will explain these things at a big gathering, which, the War Department suggests, should be opened with prayer. A speaker, some public man who can hold an audience, will make the principal address. There will be music, and after that a ball game, picnic, barbecue, dance or whatever the crowd likes best. Some towns already are planning diversions which will be worth going miles to enjoy.

Reports will be rendered to the Secretary of War on every meeting which will be held—and there will be thousands of them. The military aspect of the matter will be covered in one report, and the War Department expects to get much useful information in this manner. Hundreds of minor changes of the general plan may suggest themselves. One never knows exactly what a piece of machinery will do until he sees it tried out. Especially is this true of human machinery. The civilian aspect will be covered in another report; the enthusiasm shown, the clarity with which Captain X puts over his stuff, and the extent to which the community seems to grasp it—all this will be shown forth and sent to Washington to be studied and kept on file.

Thus the first public exhibition of a scheme of national defense which Washington, as President, sought to introduce. It had worked so well during the War for Independence that the first President thought it good enough to be used as a basis for our permanent plan of defense. But Washington, it seems, was one of those dangerous militarists who went around with a chip on his shoulder. Congress had another idea. We had won our freedom and there wouldn't be any more war. Congress declined to appropriate the trivial sum Washington needed to organize an officers' reserve corps, which are the very vertebrae of such a plan of defense.

Congress could point with pride to this move toward universal peace for about fifteen years. Then the War of 1812 came along. The old Revolutionary leaders mostly were dead. The men they had led were too old to fight again. The result was something our histories like to pass over as swiftly as possible. With insignificant forces the British



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licked the tar out of our green troops and burned the capitol at Washington. Only our Navy, which gave his Britannic Majesty's sea forces the worst series of trimmings they have ever received in all history, saved the country from worse disaster and possibly the loss of the independence which Washington had won. We triumphed on the sea because our Navy had a trained reserve of seamen to draw from in the shape of our merchant marine. This is just what Washington wanted for the land forces, but Congress, with the approval of the electorate, had said no, that would be militaristic and would invite war.

This is a free country and everyone is entitled to his opinion. The pacifists and the unpreparedness people are entitled to their opinion and are entitled to tell the world what it is. The American Legion is entitled to its opinion. On the preparedness question it has formed its opinion long since. It helped draft the law under which this defense test will be held. John Quinn, the National Commander, takes the view that this rather makes it a duty incumbent upon the Legion to help make this test a success, and the harder others may work to defeat the ends of the test the harder the Legion should work to put that test across. A farmer isn't showing any particularly vicious traits of character when he lets it be known that

he keeps a watchdog in his melon patch. That doesn't encourage theft, any more than for Uncle Sam to let the world know he keeps a watchdog encourages war. This is the Legion's view.

Of course, prepared or unprepared, this country always fights when there is no other way out, and most ordinary pacifists do their share with credit. But the trouble with going into a war unprepared is that it costs too many lives and too much money. The fact that we have always supported the war profiteer in the resplendent style to which he has become accustomed, and always have been prodigal with the lives of our young men, is, when you get right down to it, a pretty weak argument in favor of continuing that way of doing.

The defense test which will be demonstrated on September 12th gets the question of war and preparedness down to bedrock. What do men fight for, anyway? What do they defend? They defend their homes. As the late Colonel Roosevelt inquired, "Who ever heard of a man fighting for a boarding house?"

Is America your home or your boarding house? If it is your home, you should keep that engagement with Captain X. The date is Friday, September 12th.

Or, being a Legionnaire, you may want to get on the ground beforehand and help the Captain give his party. More than likely he's a buddy.

## From \$60 a Month to \$1,000

(Continued from page 15)

the next turn of the road. But though he worked hard it didn't.

Then came the well-known tide, and Mingins took it at the flood and it led him on to fortune.

Specifically, though, it was his buddies of the Legion, and some old phonograph records of ancient speeches by William Howard Taft, that helped the tide. In the distant years before the war he had studied shorthand reporting. In his emergency now he be-thought himself of that. He figured that it might be the way to success.

Broke, out of a job, unable to do the work that the Federal Board gave him, he started to work at shorthand reporting from the very bottom. He borrowed a phonograph and two records of President Taft's speeches. He had his little girl start and stop the phonograph, and hour by hour he tried to copy down Mr. Taft's remarks in shorthand. Over and over and over again he and Mr. Taft and the little daughter stuck by the old phonograph. It was dreary work, but Mingins realized that he would have to make good.

At length he became a passably good shorthand reporter. Then he went to the Legion, and they got him a job. Such a job! Reporting an investigation of a home for the feeble-minded. But it was a start. Then the Legion got him all the courts-martial work at the Presidio, the San Francisco army post, and set him up in a public stenographer's office.

In a few months he had more business than the public stenographer herself, and he started a shop of his own. And so today he has his own thriving business, and his income is growing steadily. He has reported two department conventions of The American

Legion, and a number of state and national conventions of other organizations.

Mingins is a rehabilitated veteran, and a very successful one. He passes along a message to buddies who are still trying to get back:

"Go to work," he advises. "The man who is not yet rehabilitated has spent five discouraging years. He must make a superhuman effort to forget himself and his troubles; have a single aim in view and despite everything that comes along attain it.

"Cease to look to the other fellow, but look to yourself, and get out and fight. Take your compensation check and put it in the bank and say, 'I can and I will make a living without it; I will make a good living.'

"That worked with me and I know it will work with the other fellow. I hated that pay check—I hated to give it to my wife. I did not earn it, and there was something lacking. I wanted to produce, and I got out and fought and did produce.

"When I first started reporting I was sent to report a speech. I had to rush to get there; it was raining, and my hand got cold and numb. I hurried in to a seat, and started writing in the center of a speech. A crowd of stockholders were listening to find out where their money went. The speaker was the fastest I had ever heard and I could not keep up with him.

"The world went black on me; my hand got cramped. I got behind. I said, 'If I fail now I'll never write another word of shorthand, and I am doomed.' I took a new spurt, caught up with him and stayed; how I did it I don't know. That was my supreme test. Now, everything is easy."



## OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

313TH M. G. BN.—Fourth annual reunion, Erie, Pa., Aug. 16. Address R. H. Duncombe, Waterford, Pa.

146TH F. A. and Co. K, 161ST INF.—First annual reunion at Walla Walla, Wash., Aug. 28-30 in connection with Department Convention. Address F. J. Flynn, 621 McKinley St., Walla Walla.

BTY. C, 323D F. A.—Third annual reunion, Cincinnati, O., Aug. 30. Address John Hallack, c/o Gallaher Drug Co., Third and Jefferson Sts., Dayton, O.

112TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion, Findlay, O., Aug. 30-Sept. 1. Address J. Stark Baker, c/o 37th Div. Reunion Hq., Findlay.

32ND (RED ARROW) DIV.—Reunion at Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 13-15. Address R. E. Browne, 1201 Trust Co. Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis. For information concerning reunions of following outfits write to these Milwaukee addresses: 107TH ENGINEERS, Alex Eschweiler, Jr., 210 Mason St.; 107TH SANITARY TRAIN, Gilbert E. Seaman, 220 Mason St.; 107TH FIELD SIGNAL BN., Elmer G. Meyer, 1201 Trust Co. Bldg.; 119TH F. A., Chester B. MacCormack, 1201 Trust Co. Bldg.; 126TH F. A., Carl Penner, 1302 Trust Co. Bldg.; 121ST F. A., Phil Westphal, Sheriff's Office; 125TH INF., Mike Connors, 1258 Cramer St.; 127TH INF., William H. Sullivan, City Bank; 128TH INF., Paul B. Clemens, 600 Murray Ave.

89TH DIV.—Annual convention at Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 25-27. Address 89th Div. Headquarters, K. C. A. C. Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Co. I, 135TH INF.—Third annual reunion at Claridge Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 27. Address Clyde H. Sims, 314 N. Channing Ave., St. Louis.

EVACUATION HOSPITAL No. 8—Fourth annual reunion, New York City, Sept. 27. Address Herman C. Idler, 1500 E. Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMAROC NEWS STAFF—All interested in letter reunion or meeting at St. Paul at time of Legion National Convention, address the former sports editor, Jack R. C. Cann, The Argus-Press, Owosso, Mich.

## LEGION RADIO

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wavelength.

Fort Wayne (Indiana) Post will broadcast from WDBV (360 meters) on August 15, at 8 p.m., a special Legion program of musical numbers, chorus singing of old favorite army songs, and short talks on Legion activities.

## TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

C. H. BURCHARD, Santa Ynez Valley Post, Solvang, Cal. D. July 23, aged 28. Served in Navy.

HARRY CHAPEK, Ernest Haucke Post, Algoma, Wis. D. June 7. Served with 57th Engineers.

ARTHUR R. GARY, Braxton-Perkins Post, Newport News, Va. D. July 14. Served with Co. A, 318th Inf., 80th Div.

MISS CECELIA A. KENDREW, Leonard Dalton Post, Easthampton, Mass. D. Apr. 17, aged 35. Served in Army Nurse Corps at eight hospitals.

DR. G. MAYNARD MINOR, J. Coleman Prince Post, New London, Conn. D. June 28. Served with British Transport Service aboard Armagh.

ERWIN K. RATH, Locklar Smith Post, Freeburg, Ill. D. Feb. 16, aged 28. Served with Sec. 589, U. S. A. Ambulance Service.

DONALD STEWART, Wallace S. Chute Post, St. Cloud, Minn. D. July 14, aged 31. Captain, 313th Trench Mortar Bty., 88th Div.

WILLIAM B. TAYLOR, Clarksville (Va.) Post. D. July 6, aged 27. Served with Naval Air Service at Gulfport, Miss., and San Diego, Cal.

LEE R. ZIEGELRUBER, Frank H. Collins Post, Edmond, Okla. Killed in airplane crash, July 20, aged 29. Served with Base Hosp. No. 79.

# Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 West 43d St., New York City

## Their Lookout

Mrs. Brown: "Are you voting Republican or Democratic this fall?"

Mrs. Smith: "I'm letting the two parties worry about that."

## Not Knocking Mr. Mellon

"Willie," said the teacher, "you have made a mistake of nearly a billion on this problem. I'm very much afraid you will never be president."

"Well," retorted the kid who read the papers, "maybe I can be secretary of the treasury."

## The Way They Talk

Reporter: "Are you a presidential candidate?"

J. Bunkington Twaddle: "Certainly not! I've merely appointed a national manager, completed an organization in each State, and gathered a campaign fund."

## Radio Program

"I'll Tell the World"—Short talk by Frank A. Vanderlip.

"Oily in the Morning"—Former Cabinet Members Union, Local 1924.

"You Just Know She Wears Them"—Lines by John Held, Jr.

"This Monkey Business"—Address by William J. Bryan.

"Whose Booze in Washington"—By Andrew W. Mellon.

"Looking at Things from Different Angles"—By Ben Turpin.

"Waist Motion"—By Gilda Gray.

"Bedtime Story"—By Avery Hopwood.

## Comfortable Diseases

Mrs. Johnson: "An' how is yo'-all?"

Mr. Jackson: "Tollable, thanky. De spring fever am easin' off to dat summer lassitude, so Ah kain't complain."

## Leap Year Proposal

"Will you marry me?" she said, As she blushed and leaned to Fred.

What she meant was: "Will you be My own darling treasury?  
Will you buy my shoes and hose,  
Hats and all my other clothes?  
Will you purchase a swell car  
To convey me near and far?  
Will you buy my cigarettes?  
Will you pay my gambling debts?  
Will you see to my supply  
Of vermouth and rock-and-rye,  
Meeting bills as they appear?  
Will you be my nice cashier?"

"Will you marry me?" she sighed,  
And became Fred's happy bride.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

## His Latest Service

The Lady in the Summer Furs (very sweetly): "And you were one of that wonderful 'thin red line of heroes'! How splendid! And what are you doing now?"

The Ex-Doughboy (very patiently): "Just being one of a thin breadline of ex-heroes, mum"

## The Sad Sea Waves

It was a perfect evening. The air was warm and sweet. They wandered by the seashore and listened to the age-old crooning of the waves. It was an evening for lovers and romance. The tide was coming in. The girl seemed enthralled by the beauty of the wild scene.

"Why is it, George, that the tide moans when it is coming in?" she asked dreamily.

"Why shouldn't it moan," answered George, "when it has passed the three-mile limit and is coming in to dry land?"

## FLOGGINGS IN PUNJAB DEFENDED BY BRITON

### Sir Michael O'Dwyer Says Beatings Necessary to Make Natives

#### Salaam to Officers

—(From the New York World.)

Wonder what the Punjabeese is for "Don't you ever salute?"

#### The Kleptomaniac

The Lady (the morning after the big feed): "Oh, my silver! There's three forks and two spoons missing!"

The Husband: "That's what you get for inviting a professional sword swallower up to dinner. I can't find any of my Ford wrenches this morning, either."

#### Nothing to Worry About

The flivver, containing the guide-driver and a tourist, was bumping over a steep pass in the Rockies when a knocking sound became manifest. The chauffeur clambered down and made an inspection.

"Are you insured?" he asked the nervous traveler.

"Y-y-yes," stammered the other, glancing fearfully at the precipice.

"Well, that's all right then," was the cheerful reply. "So's the car."

#### Extenuation

Prospective Employer: "So you're a college graduate, be you?"

Hopeful Applicant: "Yes—but it took me five years."

#### The Way to Get Acquainted

She: "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

He: "Sure. Why be formal?"

#### Reverie

We used to lie together

Down by the summer sea,  
Bound by love's silken tether  
Nor wishful to be free.

The sun cast diamonds on the wave,  
Strand upon shining strand,  
While children, eager-eyed and grave,  
Built castles on the sand.

We watched the tiny turrets rise,  
Then fall to swift decay,  
And each told each with shining eyes:  
"Love cannot die that way."

Together, dearest, we would lie—

You told some whoppers, too,  
And for each one you told me, I  
Thought up a peach for you!

—Mollie Cullen.

#### Abandoning the Technique

Guest: "Would you advise the asparagus?"

Waiter: "Very nice, sir, when one is eating alone. And there's always, in that case, a chance to let down a bit on the table manners and really enjoy it, I says."

#### Unavoidable

Gunman's Wife: "There's a terrible storm raging, Joe. You aren't going out, are you?"

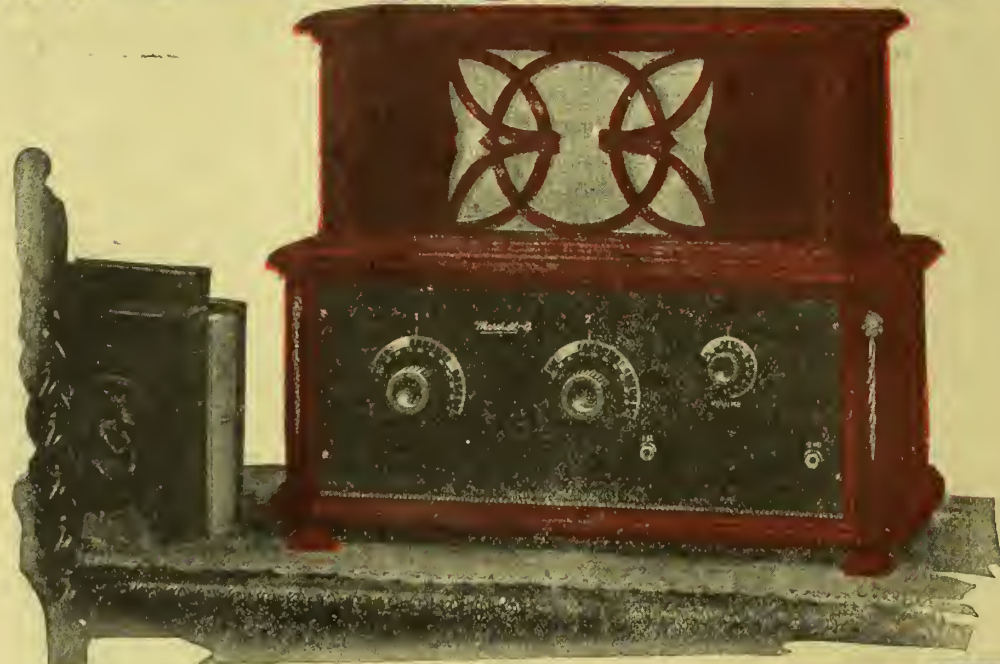
Gunman: "I simply gotta, Gert. I'm twenty-four hours late now in shootin' Gyp the Bleed."

Gunman's Wife: "Ah, well, I s'pose duty is du'y."



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.....3 Tube .....4 Tube .....5 Tube (Please check)

Name .....

Address .....

## Beautiful Solid Mahogany Cabinets

Just compare the beautiful outfit pictured above with the usual radio box and horn! The speaker cabinet appears as part of the combination unit. Designed by a master designer—fashioned of the finest solid mahogany, it will harmonize with the furnishings of the finest homes. Yet through our different way of merchandising, this exceptional cabinet value—plus the unequalled mechanical qualities of the Marshall Set—plus easy terms—costs you actually less money than the ordinary sets sell for on a cash basis.

## Complete Outfits If Desired

In buying from Marshall, you have the choice of a set complete with all accessories, or the set alone. You have choice of dry cell or storage battery outfits. Unless you already own the accessories, you can buy them from us at less-than-market prices, with your set, on easy terms. Your outfit will come all ready to set up and operate within a few minutes,—saving time and trouble—and saving money, too.

**MARSHALL RADIO PRODUCTS, INC.**

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